Mary Shelley's

Frankenstein

Screen Story By Steph Lady & James V. Hart

Screenplay by Steph. Lady

Based On The Novel
Frankenstein: Or, The Modern Prometheus
By Mary Woolstonecraft Shelley
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First Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT - ARCTIC WASTELAND - TWILIGHT

Over an unearthly land of ice and cold, a SYMPHONY plays the eerie and disturbing opening strains of Alexander Scriabin's "Prometheus Poem". Pellets of snow BLOW like broken glass over the frozen expanse. Not a bird, no living thing can be seen in land of the midnight sun -- the land of eternal twilight.

EXT - GLACIER - TWILIGHT

An icy fog hangs. THE CREATURE emerges from it: an apparition of a man. His face -- unseen. Hair hangs over his shoulders; his right arm is held stiff to his side, injured or deformed. He wears no furs -- a satchel is strapped to his back.

He's waiting for something -- listening.

EXT - THE ARCTIC SEA - DAY

The Russian sailing vessel "Alexander Nevsky"; a wooden stick fast in a field of solid, unyielding ice. Both British and Russian imperial flags fly.

SUPER: "Arctic Sea, 1839".

EXT - THE NEVSKY - TWILIGHT

A game Russian crew works down on the ice to free the icebound ship. Bundled in fur coats to ward off the bitter wind, they stoke fires around the hull to melt the ice -- others chop with pick and axe.

GRIGORI STEPANICH stands watch high above. He stamps his feet, cursing softly at the snow blowing in his face. His moustache is frosted white. He takes a warming swallow from a small silver flask. At that moment something catches his eye. He reaches for his brass telescope.

POV TELESCOPE - CONTINUING ACTION

The huge being walks slowly across the frozen expanse and disappears behind a jagged crush of ice. Grigori takes a breath of fright.

INT - WALTON'S CABIN - TWILIGHT

Oil lamps glow. The excited Grigori relates his sighting to CAPTAIN WALTON -- a young and handsome English explorer whose ambition borders on obsession and FIRST MATE IVANOVSKY-- an oversized Russian with a great beard, born and bred to the challenge of the North.

GRIGORI
Not a man Captain, but a devil! He is bearing North.

Walton smiles in amused toleration.

IVANOVSKY
How much vodka?

GRIGORI
On the grave of my father, one swallow. When I saw the demon!

WALTON
That's all, man.

Grigori Stepanich leaves, still upset.

IVANOVSKY
Grigori Stepanich is a good man, Captain.

WALTON
I've no doubt. Don't let this devil talk get started.

Ivanovsky acknowledges in Russian. Walton puts his compass to the chart.

WALTON
Two years and my fortune spent! Damn it all, we're the first men to set eyes on this waste - land. No man has ever come this close to the bloody pole!

EXT - ICE FLOES; POV CREATURE - TWILIGHT

His wool COAT FLAPS in the wind. In the distance, the Nevsky remains icebound. Crystalline snow blows in mosaics of chaos on the frozen ocean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A POLAR BEAR attacks the Creature from behind with sudden ferocity. A primal battle erupts in the ice crags O.C. Snarling echoes across the Arctic plain. Then -- silence.

Behind an ice crag we see the Polar Bear -- dead. His adversary, the Creature, walks slowly on into the fog.

EXT - ICE FLOES - TWILIGHT

Four INNUIT HUNTERS (Eskimo) watch from a ridge. They have seen the battle on the ice. The YOUNG HUNTER speaks to his grandfather the SHAMAN. The Creature passes nearby in the fog. (INNUIT, ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

SHAMAN
Do not look in his eyes, but like so. To look in the eyes of a Ghost Spirit is death my sons.

He squints through his nearly closed fingers at the Creature. The others follow his example.

SECOND HUNTER
It wears no furs!

YOUNG HUNTER
Did the great canoe bring the Ghost Spirit Grandfather?

SHAMAN
They are from the Underworld. We must mark this place so our people never return.

The Creature disappears in the fog once more.

EXT - DECK OF NEVSKY - DAY

Grigori holds two Russian WOLFHOUNDS, both barking furiously.

GRIGORI
(Russian - subtitled)
What do you hear my sweethearts?

Several crew members gather to peer into the twilight. Ivanovsky joins him. They gaze out on the the wall of ice that blocks the passage North.

CONTINUED:

The lookout sights something.

LOOKOUT
Off the starboard bow!

Walton appears from the cabin. Ivanovsky hands him the telescope.

EXT - POV TELESCOPE - DAY

Walton focuses on a DOG SLED stranded on a floating chunk of ice. A MAN can be seen prostrate under fur blankets.

RESUME: NEVSKY

GRIGORI
The demon, Captain?

WALTON
Nonsense! There's flesh and blood out there. Incredible!

Walton fires a signal shot from his pistol. The shots ECHO in the Arctic stillness.

EXT - ICE FLOE BELOW THE NEVSKY - LATER

The crew pulls the sled up beside the icebound ship by grappling lines. The SLED DOGS are all dead. The passenger, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, is more frost than flesh as he wearily salutes the men above him.

Ivanovsky throws a sling overboard.

WALTON
Grab a hold man!

Frankenstein motions for them to halt. Emaciated, he still maintains formality. He speaks English with a French accent -- arrogant to the end.

VICTOR
Captain ... Before I come on board your vessel, will you have the kindness to inform me in which direction are are bound?

CONTINUED:

Walton and Ivanovsky look at each other flabbergasted.

WALTON
To the North Pole on a voyage of discovery!

VICTOR
I'll come aboard then. with your permission.

Victor grabs the sling with great difficulty. The crew pulls him aboard the Nevsky.

ON DECK:

Victor falls into unconsciousness as the crew carries him away.

GRIGORI (SUBTITLED)
The demon wore no furs.

SEAMAN #3 (SUBTITLED)
He won't live long by God.

He crosses himself. His comrades follow suit.

INT - WALTON'S CABIN - DAY

Walton wipes the frost from Victor's bearded face with a hot rag. He's a handsome man with intelligent features around thirty.

Walton produces a jug of liquor and slowly dribbles it on Victor's lips. He remains delerious.

EXT - DECK - TWILIGHT

A wolfhound GROWLS. It leaps over the side, chasing something across the ice.

Grigori calls out in Russian -- he whistles. No response.

From the limbo of the twilight, the hound CRIES OUT in death.

Suddenly its body arcs in the air, catapulted by a powerful force. It smacks onto the deck -- its body broken in two.

Crewmen shrink back in horror. afraid to go near it.

INT - CABIN - TWILIGHT

Walton writes in the ship's log with quill and ink. The WIND blows frigid outside.

WALTON (V.O.)
Nine days now the ice blocks our progress North. God is playing games with my fate! The crew is more mutinous every day. The demon talk continues. Through much effort we have restored life to our mysterious patient. I took the liberty to search his grip. His name is Victor Frankenstein. a physician from Geneva.

Victors stirs beneath the covers. and Walton turns.

VICTOR
Good morning, if it's morning.

WALTON
No. it's nine in the evening, but you'd never know by the sun. Glad to see you coming around, Monsieur Frankenstein. Robert Walton, Port of London. Captain of the Nevsky.

He reaches out his hand, but Victor's are frostbitten black and paralyzed.

WALTON
Forgive me.

VICTOR
The Nevsky?

WALTON
Aye, she's a Russian whaler. Here man, let me get you some broth.

Walton ladles up a cup from the stove.

VICTOR
(almost in a panic)
How long have I slept?

CONTINUED: 7.

WALTON
Two days and three nights.

Walton studies the wretched man pitifully while he stirs the soup.

WALTON
How did we come to find you in this wasteland. Victor?

VICTOR
To seek one who fled from me.

WALTON
And did he travel North?

VICTOR
(almost reciting)
Always North -- "north to frozen hell."

WALTON
Aye...then we've seen him.

Victor tries in vain to raise himself up. Only Walton's efforts keep him from collapsing.

WALTON
Easy there! God willing, we'll soon head North behind your man.

VICTOR
It is no man I pursue, Captain. It is a fiend that destroyed all I cherished in this world -- I live only to extinguish his cursed existence.

Walton is taken aback by Victor's impassioned vow of revenge. Outside there's a terrific CRACK of ice giving way. The ship lists.

EXT - NEVSKY - TWILIGHT

More ice cracks. The ship lurches. Wolfhounds bark furiously. Crewmen crowd the gunwales, surveying the dimly lit ice.

Walton finds Ivanovsky on the quarterdeck.

CONTINUED: 8.

IVANOVSKY
(fearful)
The men believe the demon will strike soon.

WALTON
I'll have the key to the arms locker.

IVANOVSKY
(humiliated)
Aye, Captain.

He hands Walton the key.

INT - WALTON'S CABIN - TWILIGHT

Walton loads his pistols. Victor has pulled himself up to his elbows.

WALTON
I have endured cold, famine, want of sleep --- do I not deserve to accomplish this great purpose? Only to be stopped by a phantom!??

VICTOR
It is no phantom Captain...

WALTON
Then explain it, whatever it is! It could save the voyage!

VICTOR
I had determined that the memory of these evils should die with me, but listen now and remember -- this is not the vision of a madman.

Walton sits beside Victor. Outside the ICE CRACKS like lightning.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT - STORMY SKY - NIGHT (VICTOR'S STORY)

The heavens burst forth in a cataclysmic STORM. Lightning rakes the sky with fire, and thunder reverberates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR (V.O)
I confess it was the secrets of Heaven and Earth I desired to learn: it was the mysterious soul of Man that obsessed me.

The howling gale shakes and bends a great oak, but it still stands. The CHILD VICTOR stands in his nightshirt, mesmerized by the storm.

VICTOR (V.O.)
When I was a child, I witnessed a stream of fire strike an old oak about twenty yards from our house. I had never beheld anything so utterly and completely destroyed.

A blinding flash and shower of sparks explodes as LIGHTNING strikes the great oak. It is reduced to a smouldering ash heap -- annihilated.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Even then the storm that was hanging in the stars was ready to envelop me.

BEGIN MAIN TITLES :

And Scriabin's "Prometheus Poem" plays over lurid flames and black smoke as in a crematorium -- the remains of a great tree.

END MAIN TITLES.

EXT - LAKE GENEVA - DAY

Paradise. Mont Blanc, the ice mountain, stands in the distance.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I was born in Geneva. My family was one of the most distinguished in the Swiss republic ...

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE, GENEVA - DAY

The beautiful ELIZABETH LAVENZA drives her Arabian stallion through the gates, straddling the animal like like a charging cossack. She's nearly twenty. "Frankenstein" is etched in stone on the gates leading to a large estate.

CONTINUED: 10.

VICTOR (V.O. CONT)
... and there was my beautiful Elizabeth... my more than sister. since till death she was to be mine only.

She flies by the charred stump of the once great oak.

EXT - COURTYARD - DAY

Elizabeth rides into the courtyard..

Victor's boyhood friend. HENRY CLERVAL. leaps aside as she jumps a water trough nearly riding him down. Henry is almost delicate in bearing and wears spectacles, a merchant's son.

HENRY
Must you ride like a demon, Elizabeth?!

ELIZABETH
Don't you mean "ride like a man", Henry?

She laughs as she dismounts and strokes the frenzied animal's neck to calm it. Elizabeth's smile, when it appears, is brilliant. She is irresistible.

HENRY
I mean what I say. Ride on your head for all I give a damn... just watch where you're going.

ELIZABETH
(mirthfully)
Poor Henry! Did I frighten you?

HENRY
(flustered)
I've been here every day for a week. Why won't Victor see me?

ELIZABETH
Only Victor knows. He locks the door all day and works up there by night like a ghoul.

Victor's two story guest house stands across the courtyard adjacent the mansion: shutters pulled and lifeless. They approach it as they speak. Henry POUNDS on the downstairs entrance, but there's no response.

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CONTINUED:

HENRY
At least you've seen him. I suppose he's still out of sorts about being expelled from the medical faculty. His opinions have always been stronger than his diplomacy.

He pounds again. She laughs.

ELIZABETH
Opinions! He was practically charged with grave robbing, Clerval...

HENRY
(shocked)
Graverobbing?!!
(then laughing)
One of his infamous pranks, I trust...

Elizabeth leads the horse over to a water trough below Victor's shuttered window.

ELIZABETH
He was lucky to get out of Ingolstadt at all -- And he came home so indignant! Of course Uncle Alfonse agreed to give him all the money he needs to continue his precious research.

HENRY
Victor's pursuit of greatness shall go on.

ELIZABETH
Meanwhile, the pox and childbed fever murders half the population.

HENRY
You put yourself at risk tending to those people, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
You forget -- Victor's mother risked the fever herself when my own was dying.

Elizabeth's horse drinks from the trough. A powerful jolt knocks the animal down, stunned and foaming at the mouth. Elizabeth SCREAMS.

HENRY
Great God!

ELIZABETH
Victor! Something's happened to Sultan! Damn you come out of that tomb and help us!

Elizabeth throws a stone hard against the upstairs shutter.

INT - VICTOR'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING ACTION

The room is indeed dark as a tomb.

ELIZABETH (O.C.)
Victor wake up!

A hand cracks the shutters an inch.

VICTOR'S POV - THE COURTYARD

Elizabeth -- her arms wrapped around the prostrate animal.

ELIZABETH
Are you stone? Help us!

EXT - COURTYARD - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor's little brother WILLIE comes running. He's about nine years old. He jabs the horse several times with his wooden sword.

WILLIE
Is he dead? Is he dead? Who killed him?

Henry examines the water trough, his eyes wide in horror.

VICTOR KICKS OPEN the downstairs door wearing elbow length thick leather gloves, carrying a short wooden pole with a net. His clothes are of the finest; tailored black breeches and a costly linen shirt. Handsome and intense, he is in the summer of his youth.

He dips the net in the trough and pulls up a writhing black ELECTRIC EEL. Elizabeth SCREAMS, retreating. Henry pulls the curious Willie out of the way.

Victor places the eel on the horse's chest. The animal starts with a great

spasm. Victor waits a moment -- impatient. He repeats the process. The horse jerks to its feet. Victor returns the eel to the trough -- a routine house call.

Elizabeth hugs her beloved mount, overcome -- by joy, amazement -- and then anger.

HENRY
Upon my life!

WILLIE
Do it again, Victor!

Victor examine's the animal's eyes. Elizabeth lashes out to strike him in the face. He blocks her blow easily. Holding tightly to her arm, he kisses her on the neck.

Releasing her, he strides back inside and slams the door.

ELIZABETH
Bastard!

Victor appears in the upstairs window. He closes the wooden shutters just in time to deflect Elizabeth's rock. Willie laughs riotously.

Victor's father, ALFONSE, comes hobbling, battling the gout. Alfonse is a perfect Swiss gentleman, ever challenged by the inscrutable ways of the younger generation.

ALFONSE
My dear! What's the matter?

WILLIE
Snakes, Papa!

ALFONSE
Snakes? We have snakes?

Willie shows him the trough.

ALFONSE
Oh, those damned eels. They weren't any bargain Clerval, believe me. But I'll venture Victor's onto something with this notion of chemical electricity.

ELIZABETH
Oh balls!

Elizabeth tries to calm her skittish horse.

HENRY
Mademoiselle Lavenza!

WILLIE
She said it yesterday too. I heard her.

ELIZABETH
Uncle. Victor nearly killed Sultan with those repulsive reptiles!

HENRY
And revived him in an instant ... you'll admit that Elizabeth. The most extraordinary thing I've ever seen!

ELIZABETH
Listen to you both! You positively encourage him -- and in front of the child! Willie could have been stung!

ALFONSE
I'm sure Victor meant no harm. This is a difficult time for him.

WILLIE
Call him down! He'll do it again, Papa!

Willie pokes his sword into the trough. Elizabeth pulls him back.

ELIZABETH
Come along Willie -- it's not safe for anyone around here.

Elizabeth ushers him away with a firm, motherly hand.

EXT - COURTYARD - NIGHT

A dead cat bobs in the watertrough. Eels feed on its carcass -- glistening black shadows flitting here and there in the light of the moon.

INT - VICTOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Victor reads a large hand illustrated book of alchemy. Engraved on the cover is the name "Paracelsus."

VICTOR (V.O.)
I discovered the dreams of forgotten alchemists... ancient knowledge ridiculed by my narrow minded colleagues at Ingolstadt.

A partly dissected spider monkey is pinned and laid out in a wax lined pan. Victor attaches a primitive galvanic battery to its feet. At regular intervals they twitch to full extension and then relax.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Professor Waldman alone showed me the way -- my mentor. On the brink of an astonishing breakthrough -- I could go no further without him.

FLASH TO: THE GREAT OAK TREE IS BLASTED BY LIGHTNING.

RESUME: VICTOR

Grasping his head in excruciating pain -- tears rolling down his cheeks. He douses his head from a water pitcher.

Pondering at length a bottle of laudanum on the wash stand -- he takes a great swallow. His tense muscles unwind as the opium hits his brain.

He carefully removes five leeches from a jar. Laying down on his bed, he places them one by one on his temples and across his forehead. He snuffs the candle.

The monkey twitches in the moonlight.

EXT - VICTOR'S QUARTERS - MORNING

Henry pulls up before Victor's quarters. Dismounting he carefully approaches the trough. The skeleton of a cat floats in view. He winces, making a wide berth to the door.

He POUNDS to no response. Willie arrives, peering at the skeleton in the trough.

HENRY
How do we extract a dragon from his lair. Sir William?

WILLIE
With taunts and insults I have read. Monsieur Henry. But this dragon is a grouchy one so early in the morning. I shall wait behind that tree.

Willie takes sanctuary behind a tree and covers his ears. Henry POUNDS once more.

INT - VICTOR'S QUARTERS - MORNING

The room is shuttered. Candles still burn. The monkey continues its grisly movement on the table.

Victor lays on the bed -- leeches still fixed to his head. He removes one -- blood flows from the wound.

Henry POUNDS again O.C.

HENRY (V.O)
Stir yourself if you breathe Frankenstein! I thought we'd have a go. I've a hundred francs wagered that you're not yet a suicide!

Victor removes a second leech, smiling ever so slightly at Henry's taunt.

EXT - VICTOR'S QUARTERS - DAY

Henry leans against the door shouting up at Victor, delighting in taunting his friend.

HENRY
So you are a suicide!

There's no sound from upstairs. Henry searches his mind for another taunt.

HENRY (continuing)
I've lost a hundred good francs. It won't do any harm then to tell you -- while you were in Ingolstadt -- a certain Captain of the Grenadiers named Decroix has been seen with

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 17.

HENRY (cont'd)
"Mademoiselle Lavenza" in the cafes of Geneva.
He reads her his poetry.

At that moment the door flies open depositing Henry on his backside in the dirt. Victor stands with two swords in his hand. Henry squirms to crawl away. Victor puts his boot on Henry's shoulder.

VICTOR
It speaks! Is it Homo Sapiens Erectus or the son of the merchant and the reptile?

HENRY
You grave robbing degenerate!

Henry's spitting dirt.

VICTOR
Ah, you spit. The cobra -- family Elapidae, genera Naja. Is the tongue forked?

Victor lets Henry up and tosses him a sword.

VICTOR
Yes. For it gives forth the venom of lies!

Henry puts STEEL TO STEEL, and they test each other's strength. The fight begins. Henry is quickly on the retreat, but holds his own.

HENRY
You'll not thump me around this season! I study with Maestretti, Master of Arms!

VICTOR
Maestretti has the face of a pig and your gut sags like pudding.

Victor presses hard against Henry's sword.

HENRY
Your vanity is colossal, Frankenstein.

Alfonse and Willie appear. Willie mimics Victor's moves with his trusty wooden sword.The duel moves toward the house.

ALFONSE
Courage, Clerval! Give the doctor a dose of humility!

WILLIE
Run him through! Gut him like a Turk, Victor!

VICTOR
Shall we make him eat a bug again, Willie?

Victor presses hard with several slashes.

WILLIE
I'll catch a big one!

Willie jumps down and begins searching for an insect. Victor overcommits himself and Henry puts him on the defensive.

HENRY
Moderation, Frankenstein. Everything in moderation.

Victor is in a fix, and Henry's delighted.

No one sees Elizabeth watch from behind a hedge.

VICTOR
Nothing in moderation, Clerval!

Victor unleashes a flurry on Henry. Terrified, he stumbles back over the eel trough. He's on his back with Victor's sword at his throat and knees on his chest.

ALFONSE
Careful now, Son -- don't draw blood!

VICTOR
Don't worry, Father. I'll just drop an eel on his greedy heart and sew his throat up good as new.

Willie runs over with a caterpillar in his hand.

CONTINUED: 19.

WILLIE
Here! It's deadly poisonous.

He takes the worm from Willie. Willie gets down for a bird's eye view.

VICTOR
A Captain Decroix did you say?

Elizabeth listens with mischievous delight.

HENRY
He's been with her every Thursday afternoon.
Shall I take an oath?

Victor pops the worm in his own mouth and swallows. He leers in Henry's face. Willie is amazed.

HENRY
You are mad -- truly insane.

Elizabeth is completely revolted.

Victor helps Henry up and hugs him. The men walk arms around one another.

ALFONSE
I must say I'm delighted to see you young men finding pleasures in your former pursuits.

Elizabeth appears suddenly.

ELIZABETH
Personally Uncle, I find puberty most unbecoming after a certain age.

She glares at Victor and walks off.

HENRY
I wouldn't take this Decroix fellow too seriously.

VICTOR
Seriously? Must I vie for one who was mine before she was born?

CONTINUED:

Watching her as she goes -- the modern age incarnate.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Everyone loved Elizabeth. Hers was a beauty allied with intellect and candor...

INT - PARLOUR - NIGHT

A birthday party for Alfonse is in full swing. Elizabeth pours wine from a Spanish glass "porron". The thin stream rolls down her forehead. the bridge of her nose and into her mouth. The family applauds.

Victor kisses her. and wine drips from their mouths.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Elizabeth, cherished companion of all my pleasures and pursuits. No words can convey the kind of relation in which she stood to me.

Elizabeth reaches for a cigar from a humidor on the table and puts it in her mouth.

ALFONSE
(shocked but not surprised)
See the habits she's acquired in your absence Victor.

HENRY
I declare you've become positively eccentric, Elizabeth.

Victor lights the cigar for her.

VICTOR (V.O.)
She was life itself.

INT - ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Elizabeth brushes her hair by the fire in her night gown.

Victor enters from the balcony. An old routine. He kisses her neck. pulling her down beside him on the floor. She doesn't want to play.

VICTOR
Lie if necessary, but tell me how much you've missed me.

ELIZABETH
Surely the females in Ingolstadt fed your vanity sufficiently.

VICTOR
But is it ever sufficient?

ELIZABETH
I'm sure I wouldn't know. How long will you be gone this time? A year? Two? Three perhaps?

VICTOR
God knows I can't finish my work here.

Victor takes a small flask from his coat pocket and uncaps it.

ELIZABETH
A new vice?

VICTOR
Laudanum.

ELIZABETH
Isn't that opium?

VICTOR
Opium in an alchohol base. A delightful mixture - like to try some?

ELIZABETH
I think not. Isn't it addictive?

VICTOR
All good things are addictive, are they not?

He puts her legs over his shoulders and comes up near to her. He pulls on the laudanum.

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
Who's this Captain Decroix of the Grenadiers? Must I kill him?

ELIZABETH
He's a poet.

VICTOR
So I shall have to kill him.

ELIZABETH
You've hardly been home three times in three years, Victor. Lacking an hour or two of intelligent conversation a week I'd have gone mad.

VICTOR
So why not talk to Henry?

ELIZABETH
Henry's greatest fear in life is an unconventional thought.

Victor kisses her passionately. She responds, her own passions aroused.

VICTOR
I forbid you to see this grenadier.

Elizabeth pushes him off and gets up to stand by the fire.

ELIZABETH
Don't "forbid" me anything. You've no right.

VICTOR
I've every right. We shall be married one day. You were a present from my dear departed mother and those were her express wishes.

ELIZABETH
And would she were here tonight to correct your presumptuous notions. Don't talk to me of marriage.

CONTINUED: 23.

VICTOR
Is it me or marriage that's chaffing you?

ELIZABETH
It's the double standard! Why should I marry and enter into an agreement which requires the virtual abandonment of my civil rights? A wife is a minor should she live to the age of eighty!!

VICTOR
But can a house abide without authority?

ELIZABETH
Can a slave live without a master ? A free man without a king?

VICTOR
A woman without a man?

ELIZABETH
If she so chooses, and very well thank you.

He begins unbuttoning her gown. She likes it, but resists.

ELIZABETH
Besides, we were raised together. We border on incest!

VICTOR
But if it were less incestuous, would it be so delicious?

ELIZABETH
Victor, no. Not like before.

She pushes him away and stands up, pulling her gown top back up. His pride is on the defensive.

VICTOR
Am I suddenly inadequate ?

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH
Victor Frankenstein? Inadequate? How could perfection be held inadequate?

VICTOR
I take it this is a dissection ?

Relentless -- her sarcasm cuttting with surgical precision -- she backs him out onto the balcony.

ELIZABETH
Forgive me. You aren't quite perfect. Victor. Vanity is your sole imperfection. but a monstrous one it is!

EXT - BALCONY - CONTINUING ACTION

She slams the French doors in his face. He starts to speak through the glass. She yanks the curtains closed.

VICTOR
I'll send poetry and sugar plums on Thursdays! From Ingolstadt!

He nearly falls to his death climbing over the rail.

INT - FOYER - DAY

The sun is high as the family bids Victor farewell. Elizabeth is conspicuously absent. Jean Claude carries out Victor's bags. He picks up little Willie.

VICTOR
You've got your instructions should the Turks attack. The fate of Christendom is in your hands, General Frankenstein.

Willie salutes.

WILLIE
Grapeshot and burning oil. Will you send more specimens Victor?

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
As soon as I get a good report on the progress of your Latin. Now be off with you.

Victor's little brother gets a kiss goodbye. Victor is left alone with his father. The old man admires the portrait of Victor's mother.

VICTOR
If it weren't for this I'm not certain I'd remember her at all.

ALFONSE
Oh you remember her in your heart Victor. If only Willie could have had Mary for a mother instead of the vixen I sired him by. I still think of your mother. I see her everytime I look upon your Elizabeth.

Victor turns away at the mention of Elizabeth's name.

ALFONSE
She is yours Victor. No matter this quarrel or whatever it is. Do not be flagrant with her heart on account of foolish pride.

Victor will still not acknowledge the subject of the conversation. Father and son embrace.

ALFONSE
Enjoy life -- it is so brief. Aspire to greatness, yes. But not beyond your measure.

VICTOR
Father I pledge to you ... I'm on the brink of something astonishing. I must speak with Professor Waldman...

ALFONSE
(interrupting)
Beware this Waldman.

VICTOR
Waldman is a genius, not a criminal.

CONTINUED:

ALFONSE
(final advice)
God enlists no apprentices, my son.

The old man can no longer holds back his tears. A final embrace.

EXT - MANSION - DAY

Workers lower the crates of eels onto the coach with a winch and pulley. Jean Claude supervises.

VICTOR
Shall we leave one of my black senoritas for the table Jean Claude? A white wine and mustard sauce might prove excellent.

Victor and Jean Claude share a laugh. Henry helps hoist the last trunk atop the coach and jumps down. He grasps Victor by the shoulders.

HENRY
I miss the old days, Victor. You take to the adult life, but I fear it's a jest at my expense.

VICTOR
You'll have the last laugh yet.

HENRY
So send for me if the girls are prettier in Ingolstadt.

VICTOR
I'll hardly be looking.

He looks around for the absent Elizabeth.

HENRY
Oh Lord man, why don't you just go up and see her?

Victor embraces his friend and leaps into the coach.

VICTOR
Read her poetry for me on Thursdays.

CONTINUED:

HENRY
Everything in moderation. Frankenstein!

VICTOR
Nothing in moderation. Clerval!

Victor slaps his hand on the carriage and looks back toward the mansion once more for Elizabeth as it pulls away.

WITH VICTOR -- LOOKING BACK

She does not appear.

INT - MANSION - ELIZABETH'S POV - DAY

She watches the carriage pull away. Tears well up in her eyes.

EXT - FAMILY CEMETERY - MORNING

The carriage waits as Victor enters the Frankenstein family cemetery. He slowly approaches a grave site with a bouquet.

The gravestones read " Mary Frankenstein, 1790 - 1811. " The other reads " Infant Girl 1811". Victor kneels down, placing the bouquet on his mother's grave.

FLASHBACK: FAMILY CEMETERY TWENTY YEARS BEFORE

A funeral has ended. A YOUNGER ALFONSE stands beside the CHILD VICTOR, who kneels at the grave, carefully fingering a flower and then a clump of earth. A servant holds the hand of a little girl barely three, the CHILD ELIZABETH.

ALFONSE
It's time to go to the house, Victor.

VICTOR
We can't leave Mama here.

ALFONSE
Your mother's gone now, Son.

Alfonse kneels down and hugs Victor.

CONTINUED:

ALFONSE
Little Elizabeth's lost her mother too...She's going to live with us now, and she'll be your very own. She is your mother's gift to you -- her dying wish.

VICTOR
But I want Mama...

Little Elizabeth gently takes his hand. She smiles. He begins to calm down.

INT - COFFIN - DAY

Victor's young mother lies still in a dimly lit coffin, wrapped in her funeral shroud. Beside her an infant girl rests in a tiny pink coffin.

EXT - ALPS PASS - DAY

The carriage passes high above the valley. Enormous glaciers stretch about on the granite heights, and the horses strain against the ascent.

EXT - FOREST ROAD - SUNDOWN

Victor's coach passes. SHRILL CRIES of gypsies clacking their tongues breaks the night's monotony. Victor looks out, intrigued.

HIS POV - A GYPSY CAMP

Wagons spread under the trees around a pond. Hundreds of candles glow like fireflies. The shrill cries crescendo.

EXT - GYPSY CAMP - NIGHT

Victor witnesses a pagan gypsy ritual. Candles float on tiny boats in the pond.

Everywhere GYPSIES wail the shrill cry -- all kneeling or dancing around a lone wagon at the center of camp.

An OLD GYPSY MEDICINE WOMAN shakes an herb branch at a wild turkey squawking on a chopping block. She chops off its head ---

--- and carries the head chanting into the wagon.

Jean Claude moves through the wailing gypsies to Victor.

CONTINUED:

JEAN CLAUDE
Monsieur. their Hetman was stabbed in a lover's quarrel. The old woman is curing his soul. Pagans.

VICTOR
Remember your Christian manners. Jean Claude.

Victor wends his way through the Gypsies to the wagon.

INT - GYPSY WAGON - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor tries to enter. Two GYPSY MEN stop him.

VICTOR
I am a doctor---

The old woman turns from her work hissing at him --- threatening with a bloody knife.

OLD GYPSY WOMAN
Go away. What can you do for the dead?

That is the question. Victor's eyes are intense in the candle light. He takes in the bizarre sight.

SERGIO, the Gypsy Hetman is sprawled nude. Lifeless. His mouth is stuffed like a pig with turkey feathers and wolfbane.

The Old Woman lays wolfbane branches on each of his limbs in ritual pattern. She blows each with a prayer and traces the bloody turkey claw around his heart.

Three young GYPSY WOMEN circle the body chanting. Each drips hot candle wax into the knife wound across his chest.

VICTOR
The man's not dead until a physician pronounces him dead--

Victor forces the old woman aside and begins checking Sergio's vital signs. He clears the man's mouth and nose checking for any sign of breath. He presses his ear to Sergio's chest. He checks his pulse. He cleans

CONTINUED: 30.

the wound of wax and turkey feathers, opening it wider. Fresh blood still flows. Life!

Victor glares at the old woman for her ignorance. He shouts to Jean Claude in French. His servant pales and hurries from the wagon.

The beautiful Gypsy Girl falls prostrate on Sergio kissing him, caressing him -- begging him to rise up in her language.

The Old Woman yanks the girl back by the hair -- slapping her face.

OLD GYPSY WOMAN
Whore! It is because of you my son goes to the spirit world. I curse your loins ---

Victor blows into the victim's mouth. The man's stomach bulges. His lungs are clear!

VICTOR
(to the old woman)
Tell everyone to leave. You stay and bear witness.

The Old Woman looks into Victor's eyes. She holds his serpentine gaze and quietly orders everyone out.

EXT - GYPSY WAGON - CONTINUING ACTION

Jean Claude delivers his medicine bag and a wet sack to Victor and retires.

Gypsies crowd outside the wagon. Word spreads about the "Doctor".

ON THE WALLS OF THE WAGON

We see the Old Woman, Sergio and Victor in silhouette. Like shadow puppets, we witness the bizarre event. Victor checks a syringe and injects Sergio. One, two, three times. He raises the man up squeezing him in a bearhug until blocked fluid gorges from his mouth. Still the man is lifeless.

OLD GYPSY WOMAN
Vrolok! Ordog!

The Old Woman curses Victor. Gypsies outside react audibly in fear and horror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 31.

In silhouette. Victor raises the shadow serpent over Sergio. It goes rigid for a second like a dagger -- Victor lets the serpent fall on Sergio's form--

The body spasms. Gypsies react in shock and amazement. Sergio bolts upright--ALIVE!

EXT - WAGON ENTRANCE - CONTINUING ACTION

Sergio bolts from the wagon like a wraith. He runs screaming and cackling through the amazed crowd and plunges into the pond.

SERGIO
I am King! I live! Sergio lives!

AT THE WAGON ENTRANCE

Victor watches his "miracle" chasing Gypsy Women around the camp.

The Old Woman pushes by Victor--hissing at him, cursing his soul.

OLD GYPSY WOMAN
That no good louse was better off dead! I curse you-- and your serpent--

VICTOR
I've no need of your curses, old Woman. His wound was not fatal. His heart was in limbo. I only saved him from you.

The old woman spits at him and chases after Sergio.

The Gypsy girl "whore" presses against Victor -- arousing him. She folds the gold pieces from Sergio's eyes into his hand.

GYPSY WHORE
Like a God it must feel -- to give life.

Victor returns the money, like a father to a child--as he descends the wagon steps with his writhing sack into a sea of Gypsies. They flock around him like a matinee idol.

The Young Girls kiss and touch him; Gypsies offer him flowers, trinkets, and charms. Victor is imbued --- thriving on the power -- drinking it in.

WITH JEAN CLAUDE -- AT THE COACH

He doesn't like the Victor he sees coming his way.

EXT - ROAD - DAY

The carriage pulls up a steep hill, the horses straining. Victor pushes from the back. Jean Claude whips the horses, urging them on.

Spokes break -- the wheel splits in two. The carriage grounds to a halt.

Jean Claude and Victor survey the damage.

THE CARRIAGE: LATER

Victor struggles with a wooden beam to lever up the carriage -- but not high enough. The hill and rough surface make for a precarious set up. Jean Claude tries to shimmy the wheel on. He's in a dangerous position.

VICTOR
I can't hold it any longer, Jean Claude -- get back!

The lever begins to crack under the stress. Suddenly a MUSCULAR ARM enters frame beside Victor bracing the wagon. Victor turns. The arm belongs to:

FRANCOIS, a brawny peasant with an open face and ready smile. He's simple and illiterate. He holds the wagon up with ease.

FRANCOIS
Take your time, brothers. There's no hurry.

Jean Claude slips the wheel on.

VICTOR
(amazed)
You're strong as an ox man!

FRANCOIS
But not so smart.

He lowers the wagon with ease.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
Thank you. Let me pay you.

FRANCOIS
No place to spend it. Where's my sweetheart?

A cow meanders up the road. Francois takes her by the halter.

FRANCOIS
Chopped wood for two months to buy her. Pretty ain't she?

VICTOR
You make a most handsome couple.

Francois roars with a big peasant laugh.

VICTOR
Do you know the monastery up ahead at Geislengen?

FRANCOIS
I work for the brothers... raised me from an orphan, they did.

Victor pets the cow.

FRANCOIS (continuing)
Your carriage won't make the hill up there, friend.

EXT - ROAD TO MONASTERY - LATER

Rain pours. The road runs along the Danube River. Victor walks one of the horses with Francois, waving to Jean Claude in the distance.

VICTOR
Do you join the brothers in their celibacy ?

FRANCOIS
Not that I know of. I'd take a wife, but the brothers say the world will corrupt me. Drink ?

He hands Victor a leather bag of water. He drinks deep.

CONTINUED:

FRANCOIS
I'd give you wine but the brothers drink it all themselves. Yonder! There's the monastery.

THEIR POV:

An ancient monastery on the top of a high hill.

VICTOR
Do you know of a brother named Waldman, or Ludvig as he may call himself? He was last sighted there.

FRANCOIS
The brothers don't speak. I do that for them.

VICTOR
I shall have to remedy their habits.

FRANCOIS
(patting his chest)
Francois.

VICTOR
(patting his own chest)
Victor.

They approach the monastery.

EXT - GATE OF MONASTERY - DAY

Rain falls harder. Francois waves goodbye, leading his cow toward the rear of the monastery.

The monastery is a fortress, all walls, bars and doors. Victor pounds on a huge door. Rain falls harder. After a moment the door opens. A HOODED MONK glares at Victor.

VICTOR
Victor Frankenstein, from Geneva. I've come to see Brother Ludvig.

The door closes, leaving Victor in the rain. He POUNDS again. The monk returns.

VICTOR
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 35.

VICTOR (cont'd)
I must see him. Announce my name. He knows who I am.

The monk says nothing, incensing Victor.

VICTOR
Your sanctuary looks like a dungeon to me... Does your God bid you live like prisoners?!

The monk motions for Victor to wait and closes the door again. The heavens are illuminated by LIGHTNING and rent by THUNDER. His horse is skittish.

The RAIN becomes the sound of APPLAUSE MIXED WITH BOOS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - LECTURE HALL - DAY [FLASHBACK]

DOCTOR WALDMAN addresses STUDENTS AND TEACHERS in a filled hall. He is a short but remarkably erect middle aged man. He's been interrupted by the ruckus but continues calmly in a sweet voice.

WALDMAN
The mouldy dogmas of religion strangle honest inquiry on every front! I challenge the best of you -- we near the day when we will acquire new and unlimited powers...command the very thunders of Heaven... even unveil the secrets of Life and Death! We shall be Gods!

BOOS and SHOUTS of "blasphemer" and " devil worship" erupt. A shoe is thrown at Waldman's head. VICTOR ALONE stands and applauds.

INT - WALDMAN'S LAB - NIGHT [FLASHBACK CONTINUES]

THUNDER and LIGHTNING boom outside as Waldman packs up his lab with Victor. He stops before a primitive set of batteries attached to a dissected frog's legs. They flex with a regular rhythm. Victor is fascinated.

WALDMAN
Insights based on the work of Galvani and the American, Ben Franklin. The living body is a machine powered by electricity Victor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 36.

Lightning flashes outside. Waldman unhooks the wires to the frog.

VICTOR
The faculty dismissed you because they envy your genius.

He scoffs, leading him to another apparatus.

WALDMAN
This elegant little apparatus is the work of that "superstitious primitive," Paracelsus.

Candles magnified by mirrors are refracted through a lens. The resulting beam shines upon a cluster of jewels. An unearthly laser - like light emits.

WALDMAN
(continuing)
The beam of light you see excites the atoms of whatever it shines upon... I've yet to understand it fully myself. But the possibilities are exciting.

VICTOR
Paracelsus, Agrippa...the alchemists are called laughing stocks by my other teachers.

WALDMAN
And perhaps it is better that way. Great knowledge and small minds is a dangerous compound.

Waldman shuts it off and begins disassembling it. Victor is crestfallen.

VICTOR
I must ask you not to leave the University, Professor Waldman. I should more than anything wish to be your assistant.

Waldman grasps him affectionately.

WALDMAN
Ah, Frankenstein. I am flattered to gain a disciple. But unfortunately, given the circumstances, that can never be.

CONTINUED: 37.

Waldman reaches for a box, stuffing books in it.

RESUME: GATES OF MONASTERY - NIGHT [END FLASHBACK]

A flash of LIGHTNING breaks Victor's muse. The monk appears and motions Victor inside.

INT - MONASTERY - NIGHT

Last rites are being administered to Brother Ludvig as Victor enters the candlelit room. The PRIEST leaves, motioning Victor to enter.

VICTOR
Dr. Waldman. It's Victor Frankenstein.

Ludvig struggles to reach consciousness. His face is ravaged by smallpox, a red mass of oozing pustules. He wears a hair shirt and a ring of thorns on his forehead. He's bleeding. Victor winces.

LUDVIG
"Dr. Waldman". No one has called me that in a long time. So... my erstwhile disciple Frankenstein. I feared you would arrive... thank God it won't matter now.

VICTOR
I was expelled for continuing your work in restoring life to small mammals.

LUDVIG
Child's play...that's why it was left behind...my later work went much further.

VICTOR
That's why I've come to you. I need your knowledge... Dr. Waldman -- the " Secret of Life" is within our grasp!

Ludvig grabs Victor's lapel with his pocked hand and pulls him close.

LUDVIG
Your grasp! I know why you've come young man! Do you believe in evil?

CONTINUED: 38.

VICTOR
I believe Disease and Ignorance... and Death are the chief agents of Evil.

LUDVIG
My work was evil! I uncovered secrets, dark and Satanic secrets, and I married them with the science I had at my disposal...It went horribly wrong...and I destroyed it, because it was an obscenity in the face of God!

He pushes the young man away with what little strength he has and turns his face to the pillow. But Victor presses harder.

VICTOR
But it might have turned out differently ... In the name of Humanity do not take your knowledge to the grave!

LUDVIG
Humanity... No! Ambition! Immortality! I know what drives you young man! I've paid for my crimes against God Frankenstein!

He lifts up his cassock to show horrible scars from the whip. Victor winces. Ludvig nearly passes out with exhaustion.

VICTOR
God gave us fire Doctor, and fire is deadly...a tool of war, an agent of destruction and tragedy...yet the whole progress of our civilization is built upon its harnessing...I believe we would choose to have fire, whether we're burned a thousand times!

Ludvig is struggling for strength, knowing he's speaking his final words.

LUDVIG
And so the prophets speak; the world shall end by fire! But only One should possess the Book of Life. Submit to God Frankenstein...do not refuse!

CONTINUED:

Ludvig loses consciousness.

VICTOR
Brothers! He's dying.

The other monks and priest enter and stand over the dying man.

VICTOR
Brother Ludvig's personal effects...They could be of great value to science Father.

The priest shakes his head with an emphatic " no". Victor is led away by a hooded monk.

INT - CHAPEL - NIGHT

Victor is shown into the small candlelit chapel. Alone, he kneels before a great crucifix. A sad but forgiving Savior looks down upon him.

VICTOR
You raised the Dead. So shall I.

Victor steals out of the chapel. The Savior, silent -- grieves for mankind.

INT - MONASTERY - NIGHT

Victor moves quickly along the torchlit hallway passing tiny cell cubicles of the monks. A MOAN of pain echoes as a devotee does penitence with a short flagellate.

In another a monk is visible on his knees with a large stone on his tongue.

INT - LUDVIG'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

The room is pitch dark. Victor enters. He finds a book and rips a large page out. He lights the page on a torch in the hallway and returns.

The light falls on Ludvig's Bible. He has torn a page of Genesis.

INSERT- BURNING PAGE

We see these words from Genesis. "**And God created man in his own image, male and female he created them. And God saw every thing that he had made and behold, it was very good.**"

CONTINUED:

The words are consummed in flames.

VICTOR STAMPS THE PAGE OUT

He searches the room. A hairshirt hangs on the wall -- sharp spikes are its lining. A crotch piece is of similar design. Ludvig's bed is made of sharp stones and corn husks, and his pillow is a mass of thorns. VOICES echo in the hallway -- a Death Chant coming his way.

He pries open a large trunk with an iron crucifix, bending the holy artifact. He finds what he's looking for-- an old book double locked in chain. Beside it is a pistol.

The CHANTING draws nearer. He looks for an escape. The window is barred.

EXT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A procession of CHANTING monks carry the body of Brother Ludvig to his room. It's open. Victor is kneeling in prayer.

RESUME - LUDVIG'S ROOM

Victor nods sadly as the body is placed on the bed.

VICTOR
(a convincing charade)
I wanted to spend a few moments alone in Brother Ludvig's quarters. I felt the moment of his passing in my heart.

The priest points to a Latin saying on the wall above Ludvig's bed. Victor translates.

VICTOR
"God knows best." Yes brother, but who knows God?

EXT - MONASTERY GROUNDS - NIGHT

Victor exits. The door is bolted behind him. Lightning and THUNDER echo in the distance.

EXT - MONASTERY GROUNDS - DAWN

CONTINUED: 41.

TIGHT ON: THE BOOK OF LIFE

Lying in in the mud beneath Ludvig's window where Victor tossed it. Victor retrieves it and tucks it in his satchel.

Escaping, he climbs the burial wall containing the remains of the dead. The monk's names are covered with the mud from his boots.

EXT - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Victor rides down the steep path leading away from the ancient monastery. A buzzard hovers high above. Victor watches the bird circle gracefully.

Without warning, an OUTLAW leaps on Victor's back, knocking him in the head and brutally to the ground.

Before the stunned victim can gather his wits, a SECOND OUTLAW has a single shot pistol in Victor's face. There's nothing Robin Hoodish about these predators.

OUTLAW #2
Don't move or the buzzard 'll be pickin' out your brains.

OUTLAW #1
I'll have the satchel.

He cuts the leather string that holds Victor's satchel. Rifling it, he sees the stolen journal and flings it away with scorn.

VICTOR
Just take the horse and saddle. Ride it straight to hell.

He receives a painful kick to the ribs.

VICTOR
Either pull the trigger or get your foul breath out of my face.

The executioner atop Victor merely laughs with blackened teeth. A loud WHOOSHING sound startles him. A HATCHET flies past, severing his hand as it buries itself into a tree. He SCREAMS in pain, blood spurting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The PISTOL FIRES.

Francois charges, wielding a broad axe. The outlaws flee, shouting back from the trees.

OUTLAW #2
We'll meet again, citizen!

They disappear into the forest.

Francois carefully gathers up Victor's things and puts them in the satchel. He returns it to him.

FRANCOIS
I have sinned. I shed blood.

Still groggy, Victor checks to see the book in the satchel.

VICTOR
And I'm thankful you did. Let me pay you this time.

He tears the lining of his coat and pulls out a bag of gold coins.

FRANCOIS
No payment...God repays.

VICTOR
But I owe you my life.

FRANCOIS
You owe God your life... and a death. Are you of the faith?

VICTOR
I am today brother.

He pulls a charcoal pencil from his satchel and writes on a scrap of paper.

FRANCOIS
I don't read Victor. The brothers don't teach.

VICTOR
It says Victor Frankenstein, Ingolstadt. I'm a doctor, if I can ever assist you, Francois.

CONTINUED: 43.

Victor searches the man's eyes. He sees only perfect innocence.

EXT - HILL OVERLOOKING INGOLSTADT - SUNDOWN

The sun is blood red from fires in and out of the city. HORSES AND CARRIAGES jam the highway leaving the city. People on foot with their belongings on carts and on their backs flee the city.

POV INFECTED CITIZENS

The already infected move in the distance, a pathetic battalion kept far away from the road by guards and gunpoint.

Jean Claude stops and takes in the sight.

JEAN CLAUDE
This road leads to Hell, Monsieur. Upon your father's account I must beg you to turn back.

Victor jumps up and takes the reins from Jean Claude.

VICTOR
I'll go on alone Jean Claude. You're to say nothing of this to the family.

JEAN CLAUDE
I shall try to keep my peace. God bless you Monsieur Frankenstein.

The old servant embraces Victor and gets down. Victor begins the descent.

EXT - GATES OF INGOLSTADT - NIGHT

Great fires are burning, fueled by the bodies of the dead. The torch lined burial pit is overflowing and new bodies are unceremoniously dumped out of the back of a Death Cart. Other carts wait in line.

Two bodies in winding sheets, both children, are dumped into the pit. The MOTHER, pulling her hair and SCREAMING has to be restrained from diving in behind them.

Only Victor's carriage moves toward Ingolstadt.

A COACH DRIVER shakes his fist and curses Victor's carriage for blocking the narrow road.

CONTINUED:

Victor gets out criage and grabbing the opposing team of horses by the harness, la out of the way so his carriage can pass.

One of the passe the carriage recognizes Victor. It's SCHMIDT, a former classmat

SCHMIDT
Wel It's Frankenstein the graverobber! The is closed Victor. Half the city is dyi k the fruit while it's ripe!

VICTOR
Do nidt! Head of the class! No one left to your quackery?

SCHMIDT
Y ding for Hell, Frankenstein!

VICTOR
I k

WITH VICTOERIAGE:

He urges his ho ard. A small wooden sign announces Ingolstadt .

GUARDS man s. A young LIEUTENANT stops him.

VICTOR
I'm cian, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT
We d physicians with the rest. The pess no respector of profession sir. Shc wish to leave at a later time, you'll hav mit to an inspection.

VICTOR
I ta warning under advisement. Now ma

GUARD
Goo you.

A demented FEMICTIM hideously pock marked leaps up on the side of Victor's cs clear that she was once beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

INT - THE NEW LABORATORY - DAY

The center of the garret room is occupied by a crate. Victor ceremoniously opens it with a crowbar. At last the sides collapse revealing a gleaming copper vessel, more than large enough to hold a man.

The top is hinged and fitted with two large glass portholes for observation. Below the great copper vessel is a heating apparatus. Victor eyes the "Revival Vessel" with delight.

PAN LABORATORY: TIME LAPSE

Papers are spread everywhere -- diagrams, formulas, and strange occult symbols. Victor's excitement is near hysteria as he reads from Waldman's secret journal.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Waldman knew everything -- he could renew life where death had vanquished.

PAN LABORATORY: TIME LAPSE # 2

Above the copper tank now are lamps, mirrors, and crystals. The apparatus above turns slowly, bathing the inside of the tank in a pulsating rainbow spectrum.

Various animals scurry in cages. The eels swim in a large aquarium.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I therefore direct my battle against Death itself. Following in the steps marked by Waldman, I will pioneer a new way. Nothing else matters, not even my Elizabeth -- until I achieve my goal. God willing, this is our only hope.

INSERT- AN UNOPENED STACK OF LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH

He shoves them into his satchel. He downs laudanum, unshaven and dishevelled.

EXT - STREET, POV VICTOR - DAY

The Death Wagon stops in front of Victor's house. The hooded driver yanks a body off the cart and quickly carries it up Victor's stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 47.

PAN LABORATORY: TIME LAPSE # 2

The lab has become a makeshift morgue. Bodies are in various states of dissection. Victor is unkempt and filthy in his bloodstained smock. He probes skulls, removes organs and dissects tissues.

VICTOR (V.O.)
When I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands I began the creation of a human being.

Victor has fastened a battery to the face of a corpse. It grimaces horribly when he applies current. Victor grimaces back in macabre mimicry.

EXT - LAKE GENEVA - DAY

Mont Blanc towers in the distance. Elizabeth rows a few strokes and leans back in the boat. Henry is writing a poem.

HENRY
There. It's finished. Would you like to hear it?

Elizabeth ponders Mont Blanc and her own soul, not responding. After a moment she realizes he's spoken to her.

ELIZABETH
I'm sorry Henry -- I was a million miles away. What were you saying?

HENRY
I was saying that Ingolstadt is considerably closer than a million miles.

ELIZABETH
You were not. You were going to read me your poem.

Henry sits up straight, clearing his throat.

HENRY
" To awake in a morningless morning, bathed in a sunless light... to fear no more the nightless night...."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH
How far exactly is it to Ingolstadt?

HENRY
I wasn't finished!

She splashes him playfully --- then slides over to kiss his hand.

ELIZABETH
Forgive me. It was beautiful Henry. You're wasting your genius on me.

HENRY
How long since you've heard from him?

ELIZABETH
I've written every day and not a word in return.

HENRY
Considering the terms you parted on ...

ELIZABETH
No...it's more than that. There are rumors of a terrible epidemic in Ingolstadt. Jean Claude finally admitted it.... Oh Henry, I can't stop thinking about it!

HENRY
I could be in Ingolstadt in a fortnight.

ELIZABETH
Oh would you? Could I ask it ? I know something's terribly wrong!

HENRY
I'll be gone by the morning.

She hugs him warmly, almost capsizing the boat.

INT - SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

A pointed hammer THUDS into the brain of a sow. The "KILLING FLOOR" WORKER is a dreg of humanity, his face deformed.

Victor watches unmoved as the worker splits the pig's throat and belly.

CONTINUED: 49.

The blood is captured in a large trough. Fetal pigs are exposed by his knife and are collected. The worker laughs, exposing his blackened teeth. Victor receives them in a bloody burlap bag filled with ice.

INT - VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Victor places the last of forty fetal pigs in a crate of ice in the lab and covers it. Passing a mirror he's physically startled by his own image. He stands and fingers his filthy beard and smock and stares into his bloodshot eyes.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Sometimes on the very brink I failed. Yet still I clung to the hope which the next day or the next hour might realize.

A KNOCK at the door startles him. He looks out the window.

INT - STAIRCASE - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor opens the door. Four monks carry Francois up the stairs. He's mortally wounded and half his face is horribly mauled by an axe.

One hands him a scrap of paper -- Victor's name written in his own hand.

VICTOR
The bandits.

The monk nods.

INT - LABORATORY - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor rolls a corpse off his dissecting table to make room for Francois.

The monks leave immediately, appalled and making the sign of the cross at the bodies on all sides.

Victor listens to Francois' heart for a sign of life. Nothing.

VICTOR
If it was God's will you saved my life ... now I shall I repay the debt.

Victor goes into rapid action. He lights the burners beneath the tank and turns them full. Covering the body in ice he begins injecting medicines into the dead man's abdomen, throat and temples.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 50.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I can only guess that the mixture in the revival vessel is correct. Waldman's notes are incomplete.

Fetal pigs are wrung three by three through an apparatus from which a pink liquid flows into the tank.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I am substituting the vital fluids of iced fetal swine for the cattle blood that Waldman used... I believe the freshness of the serum in which the body regenerates is the key, a problem my reluctant mentor never fully understood.

Victor hastily sews the ghastly wounds on the left side of the man's face. He furiously sketches, making notes.

He rolls him over to the tank. Testing the temperature with his own hand. Victor slides him into the living broth.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I will accelerate the revival process with the use of eels, which can deliver an electrical shock strong enough to stimulate the heart to beat again.

He then releases a dozen eels.

INT - TANK - NIGHT

Through the glass porthole, the dead man floats like an unborn baby in the warm and watery womb. Eels sting the naked body with ELECTRIC venom again and again. A leg twitches, but no more.

The rainbow spectrum pulsates, bathing his face in celestial beauty. Victor pumps bubbles into the serum steadily.

VICTOR (V.O.)
The light and crystals create an electromagnetic excitation. The origin of this knowledge is occult -- I do not completely understand it...

The sutured wounds on his face and arm are hideous, the work rushed and crude. He rages.

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
Jealous God! Is Death so precious ?!!

The sound of a HEARTBEAT is heard, and the corpse rises up with a CRY from another world. The lid bashes Victor's head, who falls to the floor.

Eels writhe around him. Victor receives a terrible shock, foaming at the mouth.

Sitting up in the tank now gasping and choking, the woodcutter opens his eyes and lets out a withering SCREAM of pain. He lunges out of the tank and sprawls unconscious on the floor, gasping for air.

Side by side they lay prostrate, the only sounds LABORED BREATHING, and THUNDER in the distance. The lamps swing wildly, filling the lab with dancing colored lights. Victor slowly comes to, feeling the hot breath of the other upon him.

VICTOR
My friend! It's Victor Frankenstein. You're alive! I have saved you!

But the response is another piercing CRY of pain.

VICTOR
Do you know who you are? Francois!

The revived man makes unintelligible animal like sounds. He writhes on the floor hyperventilating. Convulsions begin. Half his face is normal -- half mutilated.

Victor beholds the wretch, the miserable monster he's created. He is reviled.

Victor retrieves a long wool cloak to cover him -- but the delerious CREATURE pulls his creator to him in a vise like grip.

Victor can't escape from the powerful arms. Victor is repulsed and fearful, his own face now covered with blood.

The Creature falls faint and his captive escapes. Victor looks down at his work in revulsion, shaking violently. Only the hideously injured side of the Creature's face is seen.

CONTINUED:

THE GREAT OAK IS BLASTED BY LIGHTNING.

Victor's head is splitting in hot white pain. He staggers to his room.

The Creature shivers under the cloak. his once handsome face deathly pale, his eye sockets and lips a sickly purple. foam bubbling from his mouth. The left side of his face is a hideous patchwork.

INT - VICTOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Victor gulps an overdose of laudanum and falls down on the bed -- his head splitting with pain. He lapses into oblivion.

CUT TO: BLACK

EXT - STREET - DAY [VICTOR'S NIGHTMARE]

A much healthier, clean shaven Victor leaves his house. The world is bathed in a pink and golden light. ORIENTALS in exotic costumes fill the streets. An old FLOWER PEDDLER smiles and thrusts a bouquet at Victor.

FLOWER PEDDLER
A bouquet for the lady sir?

Victor smells them.

VICTOR
Hmmm, they're fragrant. But there's no lady for me to give them too.

FLOWER PEDDLER
One never knows sir. One never knows...

At that moment Victor catches the sight of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN over the old hag's shoulder. He walks toward her, straining his eyes.

FLOWER PEDDLER
The bouquet sir?

VICTOR
Yes. The bouquet!

Victor hands her a coin and takes the flowers. He turns and the beautiful woman is much closer. He runs toward her though it seems minutes pass.

CONTINUED: 53.

At last she's close enough to recognize, beaming with an angel's smile. It's Elizabeth.

VICTOR
Elizabeth!

The last ten feet seem like a hundred. At last they embrace.

VICTOR
It's you, oh God it's you...I need you so much.

They kiss like they've never kissed before. He hands her the bouquet. She inhales the fragrance, but the blossoms wilt immediately. She turns pale.

VICTOR
What's wrong darling ?

He pulls her nearer. The bouquet drops to the street in a black heap . Elizabeth's eyes cloud. Her lips turn blue. She collapses in Victor's arms.

Petrified, he lifts her up. The flower peddler turns to him and smiles. Her face has become a skull. Looking down at the lifeless body in his arms, he sees not Elizabeth -- but his long dead mother in her funeral shroud.

VICTOR
Mother!

Worms begin to crawl out of her nose, eyes and mouth. Victor gasps, dropping her on the street. At his feet lays a pile of blackened bones.

Orientals in bizarre masks of Death gather around. They SCREAM at him like a hated criminal in languages he cannot understand. Snakes of a dozen species writhe through the bones at his feet.

INT - VICTOR'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Victor gives a muted scream from inside his nightmare. Still huddled on the floor and bathed in sweat, the sound of FOOTSTEPS approaches.

Victor cowers on the floor covering his eyes. The door opens.

VOICE
Victor? Are you there?

CONTINUED:

Victor looks up. his face distorted and pouring sweat. It's Henry Clerval!

POV VICTOR [HALLUCINATION]

Victor hears Clerval's voice but sees the face and body of the hideously ugly Creature. He crawls across the floor to his saber.

HENRY/CREATURE
Victor what in God's name have you done to yourself?

VICTOR
Stay away, wretch!

Victor reaches for the saber but the Creature / Henry plucks it off the wall.

HENRY/CREATURE
Victor! It's me Henry. Do you know where you are?

The Creature / Henry kneels down beside Victor. The once proud Victor crawls into the corner. his mind broken. Victor has pulled himself into the fetal position. He passes out.

THE STAIRCASE:

Henry ascends toward the locked laboratory -- drawn by some inner dread. He tries several keys. Finally the lock opens. Some powerful force blocks his way. Drawing back with all his force, he rams the door -- falling into the room.

INT - LABORATORY - CONTINUING ACTION

The Creature is gone.

Henry rolls over, staring into the hideous face of a corpse. He leaps up in fright --

And beholds the tangle of dismembered bodies in Victor's laboratory. He gags, retching. He staggers out, completely traumatized.

EXT - STREETS OF INGOLSTADT - DAY

The Creature wanders through the back alleys of the town in his great cloak, frightened and hiding at the sight of anyone. He's cornered by two DOGS. The Creature is terrified of the world he's been born into.

INT - CALECHE COACH - DAY

Henry drives toward the gates of Ingolstadt. Victor is bound with ropes just behind him in the cab. He babbles deliriously, fighting against the restraints.

HENRY
We're going home old friend. Don't fight it.

VICTOR
Hideous! Obscenity! Ludvig! We must destroy him!

Tears well up in Henry's eyes.

EXT - GATES OF INGOLSTADT - DAY

The coach halts at the roadblock. The GUARD checks inside. Victor BABBLES .

GUARD
This one is infected. Pull over.

HENRY
This man has no pox!

GUARD
A physician will decide that. Close the gate!

The guard blows his WHISTLE. Henry tries to get past. The guard leaps up to take the reins.

HENRY
This man is my friend!

Henry drives a boot in his face. Another guard leaps up with his saber as Henry whips the team toward the closing gate. Henry's lashes his face, knocking him to the ground.

Henry leans out and chops the gate keeper's winch ropes with his own sword. The gates open and he speeds Victor through to freedom.

INT - VICTOR'S ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

WORKMEN are dismantling and packing Victor's things.

CONTINUED:

WORKMAN
They say he went stark raving mad... took him away bound hand and foot.

WORKMAN # 2
It's the devil's kitchen I tell you.

A CRASH O.C. startles them. They kick open the door to the laboratory.

THE LAB - THEIR POV

All that remains is the Revival Vessel. Suddenly it's up ended by a powerful force. The Creature is revealed pushing it over in a rage.

WORKMAN #1
Mother of God!

The Creature opens his arms beseeching. He tries to speak. GUTTERAL SOUNDS emit. The workmen back away and run down the stairs.

Alone, the Creature drops to his knees. There before him is Victor's satchel. He picks it up as if having a glimmer of a memory. Clutching it, he climbs out the window.

EXT - VICTOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUING ACTION

The Creature drops over a wall and hides in the shadows. Wheels of a wagon roll by. He follows it and slides into the back under a tarp. It's the Death Cart. Its BELL tolls as it heads away.

EXT - GATES OF INGOLSTADT - NIGHT

The Death Cart passes through the gates, unchallenged by the guards.

EXT - OUTSIDE THE WALLS - NIGHT

The Creature slides out from under the tarp into the burial pit. More bodies are dumped on top of him.

EXT - BURIAL PIT - NIGHT

The Creature rises from under a mound of bodies. He walks on the corpses toward a WORKER preparing to torch the pit. The Creature's skin is ashen, his lips purple. The left side of his face is a horrible patchwork.

CONTINUED:

Seeing the Creature the worker retreats in terror. He stumbles and falls into the pit. His torch ignites the bodies.

The Creature emerges through the inferno and walks to freedom.

EXT - FOREST - MORNING

The Creature wanders through the Black Forest. He comes upon a berry bush and instinctively begins to eat. He picks frantically, gorging himself. The sun shines on his juice smeared face. He tries a snail and spits it out with disgust.

The BIRDS sing above and he tries to imitate them, but withdraws timidly into the shadows as he hears an unfamiliar sound. CHOPPING echoes.

EXT - WOODCUTTER'S CAMP - MORNING

The Creature hides watching a Woodcutter swing his axe. The TREE falls. The Woodcutter busies himself trimming the branches.

The Creature inspects the Woodcutter's belongings. He tries the sausage, spitting it out with disgust. Next he nibbles a carrot. Delicious. He devours the entire bunch. The Creature is a vegetarian.

He strikes a spark on the tinderbox. A flame. Amused, he examines the fire. Thrusting his hand into the warmth he's burned.

He flees into the forest crying softly.

EXT - FOREST - NIGHTFALL

A doe and her fawn stand stoically against the elements. RAIN drips from the branches and the sky is dark. In a pile of wet leaves, the Creature curls up in slumber.

EXT - ROAD LEADING TO A SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

The Creature hears the gay LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN. Allured, he follows the sound through the trees. At last he spies them through the dense foliage and smiles.

CONTINUED:

POV CREATURE

KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN PLAY A BOWLING GAME, rolling stones from a nearby creek into a hole.

A little girl is the first to see the Creature, but is not alarmed. She offers him a flower. He smells it -- and sneezes. The children laugh. He smiles.

A little boy hands the Creature a stone. Watching the game, the Creature picks up a stone and rolls it toward the goal himself. He scores. The children clap.

ON A GRASSY KNOLL - CHILDREN IN VIEW

A TEENAGE GIRL AND TWO TEENAGE BOYS are smoking a pipe. The children's laughter reminds them that they're supposed to be watching. The girl stands and sees the Creature. She screams.

BELOW -- THE GAME STOPS

The Creature looks up. His smile fades. The boys charge down the hill throwing rocks. The first stone hits the Creature. Another strikes him squarely in the head. Blood flows.

Panic follows. The girl grabs up her younger brothers and sisters. They flee.

The Creature watches them disappear. Sad and confused, he holds up the rock and flower. He just wanted to play.

EXT - A RUSHING RIVER - DAY

The Creature kneels beside a RIVER. He douses his wounded head in a small calm eddy. He sees his face in a reflecting pool for the first time. He gazes in curiosity, and then revulsion.

He dashes the reflection with a great rock, crying out and throwing one after the other at the image of his face -- which only appears again after the water subsides.

He wanders down the river crazed with misery.

EXT - WATERFALL - DAY

Water crashes down onto jagged rocks below. The Creature takes a final look around. He closes his deathly eyes and readies himself to leap into oblivion.

The sound of a GIRL LAUGHING stops him. The Creature hides behind a rock. An old PAPA and young HILDA appear upstream. He has a rifle over his shoulder.

PAPA
Stay back from the water Hilda!

HILDA
Don't worry Papa. It's not deep here!

She steps out on a rock. The Creature looks on. Her heel slips and she plunges into the water. She's swept under, surfacing with a SCREAM.

The man is in panic. The deadly FALLS ROARS ahead.

PAPA
Hilda ! Grab hold a rock!

The old man runs along the stream trying to catch up. On the other side the Creature appears and plunges in after her.

HILDA
Thank Heaven! Hurry man! Hurry!

The Creature pulls through the rushing water. At the last second he grabs her long blond hair and saves her from the falls. He's close to drowning himself.

As he lifts her to the bank safely the girl SHRIEKS. Hilda sees the Creature's horrid face for the first time.

The old man arrives. Terrified, he shoulders his rifle.

The Creature cowers -- the SHOT slams into his shoulder. He sinks below the surface and blood reddens the water.

Hilda continues screaming. His body goes over the falls like a dead snake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 60.

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN MANSION - DAY

The coach stops in front of the mansion. The family turns out to greet them, eager to see Victor and Henry return.

WILLIE
Victor! Did you bring any specimens?

Henry climbs down dirty and exhausted.

HENRY
(grave)
Send Willie in the house.

Victor doesn't turn or move in the window of the coach. They realize something is terribly wrong.

Jean Claude takes the confused child away. The others approach. Henry motions them to stay back.

INT - CARRIAGE - DAY

Victor is catatonic. Henry begins removing the restraints on his hands, neck and legs.

HENRY
We can't have Elizabeth seeing you like this old man.

Henry gently wipes away the foam from Victor's mouth and removes the blood and vomit stained smock. He replaces it with his own jacket.

EXT - COACH - DAY

He helps Victor from the coach, holding him up -- his legs completely give way.

HENRY
You'll have to help me. He's had a time of it.

Alfonse is shocked -- speechless. Elizabeth's heart breaks. She's the first to run to Victor's side. He cannot walk.

61.

INT - MANSION - OUTSIDE SICKROOM - DAY

Alfonse paces outside the closed door of the sickroom while Henry sprawls in a chair, exhausted.

ALFONSE
How did it come to this Henry? I must have the particulars.

HENRY
(unable to find words)
His research ... whatever he was doing...I don't know. You'll have to ask Victor.

ALFONSE
Did he find this Waldman? What did you see?

HENRY
I don't know what it was. I don't want to know, Monsieur Frankenstein.

Frustrated, Alfonse knocks on the DOOR and walks into the sick room.

INT - MANSION - SICKROOM - DAY

DOCTOR KREMPE examines Victor, locked in a fetal ball. Krempe is of Alfonse's generation, with a face indelibly sad. Elizabeth holds Victor's hand as Krempe pokes his patient with steel probes for some kind of response.

ALFONSE
(grim realization)
This is the bed his mother died in.

Krempe pulls his lancet and a small metal cup from his bag. Elizabeth grasps Victor's hand. Krempe cuts below Victor's ear capturing the flowing blood in the cup. Victor doesn't flinch.

KREMPE
You could hold this cup for me, Ms. Lavenza.

ELIZABETH
He's already weak, Dr. Krempe. Are you certain bleeding him is proper?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 62.

ALFONSE
Dr. Krempe has been practicing since you were a child Elizabeth.

KREMPE
To tell the truth I don't hold much hope. Nervous collapse such as this has a poor, poor prognosis.

ELIZABETH
And what's that supposed to mean?

KREMPE
It means Mademoiselle, that this young man will most likely spend the remainder of a very short life in the asylum at Evian.

Elizabeth grabs Krempe's hand with the lancet.

ELIZABETH
(livid)
Bleed yourself "physician"! I'll tend to him!

KREMPE
I suppose we shall all suffer female physicians one day, Mademoiselle.

Krempe is happy to be relieved of an impossible case.

ALFONSE
Elizabeth! Please don't take this upon yourself. I'll hire nurses.

ELIZABETH
Uncle, I must!

Alfonse studies his remarkable adopted daughter for a moment and then nods his assent. Krempe bows and makes a hasty exit.

INT - VICTOR'S SICKROOM - DAY

Alfonse and Henry lift Victor into a great copper bathtub. He is still coiled tightly in a fetal ball. Elizabeth dumps a bucket of ice on his bare body.

His body shudders violently. His silence becomes a WHIMPER. Alfonse reacts to Victor's first signs of life. He looks at Elizabeth. He's in awe.

CONTINUED: 63.

ELIZABETH
His heart's strong. He can stand it.
(shouting)
Where are the towels, damn you, Jean Claude!

Jean Claude appears with steaming towels. Elizabeth cradles Victor's head to her chest. Henry comes to the door.

HENRY
(a reluctant admission)
He spoke in his fever. He believes he's pursued by a monster that he himself created.

ELIZABETH
The only monster stalking Victor is himself. You were a loyal and brave friend, Henry -- I only hope he knows what you've done for him -- and for me.

She kisses him on the cheek.

INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victor shivers in bed under the quilts. Only Elizabeth is left at his side. She quietly locks the door. She pulls off her dress and then her under garments. Crawling in bed, she holds Victor close to her.

ELIZABETH
(talking softly to a baby)
So cold and pale, like a statue.

As she kisses and caresses him, he slowly stops shivering.

VICTOR
(in the smallest whisper)
Mother...

ELIZABETH
She's here...I'm here.

She brings him even closer to her, kissing his matted hair.

EXT - DOWNSTREAM - FULL MOON

The Creature is sprawled face down in the mud on the bank. His satchel floats in a nearby eddy. He moans, coughing water. His wounded arm is permanently maimed. He raises his head up from the muck.

POV CREATURE

The moon rises above a field of maize. A small farmhouse is in the distance. Its windows alight, smoke wisps from the chimney.

EXT - MAIZE FIELD - NIGHT

Silhouetted in the moonlight the Creature stumbles through the stalks. His good arm cradles the other.

INT - FARMHOUSE POV CREATURE - NIGHT

The Creature peers through the window at the scene within -- a hovel. A poor family is gathered around the fire. AGATHA, the young mother of the family darns a sock. Her husband FELIX repairs a broken axe.

The pain of poverty is marked in the faces of all but their six year old daughter BERTHA and sightless Grandfather MARTIN. The child sits on his knee. The old man is telling the child a story, acting out the parts.

MARTIN
It was not the wind that cried but the ghost of the mother -- searching the darkness for her children!

AGATHA
Grandfather stop! You'll give her nightmares.

BERTHA
I'm not afraid. It's All Saint's Eve.

Felix isn't amused. The Creature ducks down and moves around to the other window.

MARTIN
I frightened you with the same story when you were her age. So. Then the ground began to tremble.

CREATURE'S POV:

He begins to shake the child on his knees. She's giggles. The Creature. is caught up in her mirth. forgets himself. He rises up in the window.

The child SCREAMS. She points at the window. The Creature's face contorts in fear.

EXT - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUING ACTION

Felix opens the door with an axe in his hand. He surveys the yard.

FELIX
There's nothing here.

He closes the door -- revealing the Creature behind it.

EXT - PIGSTY - NIGHT

The Creature crawls into a pigsty adjacent to the cottage. The PIGS inside grunt but do not alarm the household. He leans against the wall exhausted. A VIOLIN begins to play inside.

The Creature listens, enraptured by the music. As he presses his head against the wall to better hear the music, a bit of mortar falls away. A ray of light issues from within. He peers through the crack.

CREATURE'S POV - INSIDE THE HOUSE

The family scene reveals itself. The old man laughs and strikes up another tune on the VIOLIN. After a time the Creature replaces the chunk of mortar and falls back exhausted against the pigsty wall. His wounded arm makes him wince. The MUSIC FADES.

EXT - PIGSTY - MORNING

Agatha dumps a bucket of SLOPS into the pigsty. The Creature watches from his hiding place. He tries to comprehend.

Felix struggles to chop firewood.

AGATHA
I don't know if we have the flour for another loaf.

CONTINUED:

He dumps the few pieces of wood against the cottage.

FELIX
I can do no more. Are these the hands of a farmer?

He shows her his blistered and bleeding hands.

AGATHA
If you hadn't gotten Father out of Paris he'd have been thrown in a dungeon and tortured.

Agatha breaks down in tears. Felix remains callous.

FELIX
We are exiles in our own country. It's only your love and devotion that makes me endure.

They embrace in a loving kiss.

ON THE CREATURE:

Watching. Moved with undiscovered emotion by this tenderness between man and woman -- husband and wife --

TIGHT ON FELIX'S AXE:

The Creature's hand slowly wraps around the handle.

EXT - HOUSE - NIGHT

Smoke curls from the chimney. By the side of the house, the woodpile has been multiplied many times over, piled to the roof all and around. More wood than any human could possibly chop -- a magical, impossible feat.

INT - HOUSE POV CREATURE - NIGHT

Through the chink in the wall Agatha is seen instructing Bertha in her letters on a small slate board. Felix and Grandfather talk beside the fire.

FELIX
There's wood here to last a month...

BERTHA
It's the Good Spirit of the Forest and his elves, Papa...

CONTINUED:

MARTIN
Perhaps you're right darling.

AGATHA
You get to your work little elf. Sound the letters...

BERTHA
Fr..eh...nd. Friend.

AGATHA
Now you're getting it. Friend.

She erases the word.

EXT - PIG PEN POV CREATURE - NIGHT

The scene inside disappears as the chink of mortar is replaced in the wall. The Creature mouths the word " friend " slowly and softly again and again in a rough VOICE. He delights at the sound of his first spoken word. A PIG grunts in reply. The Creature repeats the word to his first friend.

EXT - ESTATE GARDEN - DAY

Elizabeth spoonfeeds Victor pudding. He sits in a lawn chaise wrapped in blankets -- still traumatized.

ELIZABETH
Oh come on, Victor -- say it. Pudding. Puu -- ding.

It dribbles down his chin. He says nothing.

ELIZABETH
Don't you remember? You used to say when we were children that all you would ever eat when we grew up was pudding. It's your favorite. Say it.

Willie runs up in his paper Napoleon's cap and wooden sword. He's holding a tiny grass snake.

WILLIE
Look, Victor! A specimin!

CONTINUED: 68.

He holds it up an inch from Victor's face. His glazed eyes suddenly focus.

FLASH TO: EELS

Stinging a body in the Revival Vessel. The body is Victor's.

RESUME GARDEN:

Victor reels back flailing with his hands. Then ... he stands. Willie is amazed. The boy goes running.

WILLIE
Papa ! He's standing up! He's standing!

Filled with emotion Elizabeth reaches up and takes his hand. He focuses on her for the first time. He struggles to form the word--

VICTOR
Elizabeth...

EXT - FARM - DAY

The Creature DIGS potatoes. His bad arm is not able to move far from his side, but the hand can grasp. Martin stands by the doorway, hearing the activity but seeing nothing. The Creature puts WORDS INTO PHRASES. repeating them over and over with the words " Fire... Bread... Mother... Violin".

MARTIN
Hello friend!

The Creature turns startled. The old man continues to smile in spite of the horrid face.

CREATURE
(surprising clarity)
Hello friend. It is a good day.

The Creature smiles back. It is.

INT - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The family sits at table over their increasingly abundant fare. A large pie is served by Agatha. They're in earnest discussion, even little Bertha. Grandfather fiddles with his violin as he sits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERTHA
The Good Spirit of the Forest can only be seen by the pure in heart Father.

FELIX
(sardonic)
And then the "elves" harvest the fields, clean the stables and mend the wall? I think it's time we stopped this ridiculous game.

MARTIN
Let it be son. I have spoken with him.

FELIX
Don't fill the child's head with lies. You've caused enough trouble in our lives already.

Felix retires to the hearth with his food and eats alone..

EXT - PIGSTY - NIGHT

The Creature slides into the pigsty and his bed of straw by the cottage. Listening to the VIOLIN he gnaws contentedly on a turnip. He wiggles his feet to the time of the music.

Opening Victor's satchel he pulls out one of Elizabeth's letters. He starts to read in the moonlight. The page is upside down. He rights it.

CREATURE (V.O.)
(struggling with each word)
" My Dearest Victor ... I trust this finds you well and your mysterious work proceeding. Henry and little William are hiking today to Mont Blanc. Willie says he will live there in a palace of ice and rule the world... "

EXT - RIVER - DAY

Grandfather Martin sits on a rock by the riverbank playing a happy tune. The Creature moves to within a few yards.

MARTIN
Hello stranger! Who's there?

CONTINUED: 70.

The Creature shrinks in fear. He made no sound.

MARTIN
I heard you coming a long way off...it's not easy to hide from a blind man you know...

The Creature speaks normally.

CREATURE
Hello friend. It is a good day.

MARTIN
Well, you're here now...sit down and talk awhile.

The Creature cautiously approaches and sits across from the old man.

MARTIN
Don't say much do you?

CREATURE
I'm alone...I have no one to talk to. But I can read.

The Creature pulls one of Elizabeth's letters from the satchel.

MARTIN
I can no longer read. My eyes have failed me.

The Creature looks on him with pity.

MARTIN
But I have many books, and you could read them to me if you like.

CREATURE
That would please me.

The Creature puts the bow in the old man's hand. He HUMS a little.

CREATURE
Play ... please.

He picks up his fiddle and plays.

EXT - ESTATE COURTYARD - DAY

Henry is teaching Victor to use his saber again. Victor keeps dropping the saber -- his balance unsteady. Henry presses his fingers into the proper grip like a novice.

HENRY
There. En garde!

Victor's saber hangs limply at his side. Henry is frustrated.

HENRY
Victor, did I ever tell you that you have the face of a pig? En garde!

Victor remains stoic.

HENRY
And do you recall Elizabeth's other suitor, Captain Decroix? The poet? He never existed. We made him up.

Victor's face cracks a tiny smile. His saber springs to life and he slashes at Henry. Stunned, Henry attacks and the duel is on.

Willie comes running at the sound of the steel.

Elizabeth appears on the balcony to watch. Alfonse joins her.

ALFONSE
I see your patient has finally recovered.

Elizabeth kisses the old man warmly.

EXT - SNOW COVERED FARM - NIGHT

The Creature sits in the full moonlight, Victor's satchel beside him. He reads aloud from one of Elizabeth's letters. His diction is almost perfect.

CREATURE (V.O)
" Dear Victor. Autumn is arrived in Geneva. Our lake is my lover in your absence. I drift and dream of you. The very scent of you is on my lips... even those delicious places which I shall not mention. Come home Victor. Come. "

CONTINUED: 72.

Strangely aroused, the Creature carefully folds the letter back into the envelope. He opens Victor's journal. He studies the "creation" diagrams Victor has drawn. He intensely studies the rough likeness of himself in Victor's last sketch.

INT - FRANKENSTEIN MANSION - NIGHT

A CHRISTMAS PARTY is in full swing. At the head of the stairs Victor and Elizabeth prepare to descend. He turns in a circle for her to admire his renewed self.

VICTOR
Do you approve?
(then deeply sincere)
What you've done for me is a miracle.

ELIZABETH
But the miracle isn't mine.

VICTOR
I'll never leave you again .

They kiss.

INT - BALLROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor and Elizabeth descend the stairs to applause and adoration from FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

Alfonse beams, and Willie salutes. Victor works the room -- his dashing, charming, arrogant self.

INT - LIBRARY - PARTY CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND

Henry pulls Victor into the library. A near empty bottle in hand, Henry is staggering drunk. He pours two drinks, sloshing liquor on the table.

VICTOR
Whoa! Everything in moderation, Clerval.

HENRY
Nothing in moderation, Frankenstein. She'll make a lovely bride.

CONTINUED: 73.

VICTOR
I think I better ask her first.

HENRY
You're a lucky man, Victor -- more than you know.

Victor embraces his staggering friend with affection.

VICTOR
How can I ever repay you? I owe you my life.

HENRY
You can repay me entirely ... by speaking to me on one subject.

Henry pulls Victor close to his own his drunken face. His eyes bore into Victor's.

HENRY
That day in Inglostadt...I found you. In your laboratory... What did I see?.. What did I see? Abomination?!

Victor looks into Henry's eyes and grasps both his shoulders.

VICTOR
That's over -- and you're drunk. Let me get you a carriage home.

Elizabeth appears at the door.

ELIZABETH
There you are, Henry. Victor's had enough of you. You promised me a dance.

She takes Henry's arm and pulls him out onto the ballroom floor.

TIGHT ON VICTOR

A nagging fear in his eyes -- it's not over.

INT - FARMHOUSE - CHRISTMAS EVE NIGHT

Snow is falling outside in great flakes. A Yule tree stands. A CHRISTMAS MELODY is played on the old man's VIOLIN. In her ballroom gown from Paris, Agatha dances with her daughter.

BERTHA
Is that really the gown you wore to the palace, Mama?

AGATHA
Paris was a long, long time ago darling. We musn't think about it.

Felix throws down a draft of ale and kisses his beautiful wife. Happiness and new found prosperity are everywhere.

Bertha draws and paints on a thin slice of log -- a child's depiction of the family with the words "Happy Christmas. We Love You."

BERTHA
For the Good Spirit!

She places a plate of food and her painting on the porch in the snow, two candles flickering. His gift.

The little girl stops to draw an angel on the frosty window with her forefinger. As she walks away, the face of the Creature appears examining the figure in frost.

EXT - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Passing the front of the house the Creature notices the candles. Quietly, he discovers his gift and the plate of food.

INT - PIGSTY - NIGHT

The Creature eats his Christmas dinner by candlelight. The snow falls heavier, drifting over the roof of the house.

EXT - FARMHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The house is dark. Working quietly but with great purpose, the Creature begins piling snow before the farmhouse. Snowflakes cover his tracks. A CHORUS sings softly, hauntingly, beginning in a whisper.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 75.

INT - FARMHOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Bertha is first up. She runs to the door and opens it upon the sunny snow covered world outside. On the step, is the empty dish. She beholds an amazing sight.

BERTHA
Mama, Papa! Grandfather! Come see! Come see!

In their night dress, the family stands in the snowy doorway. Grandfather Martin doesn't understand what they're looking at.

MARTIN
Is the Good Spirit of the Forest paying a Christmas visit, child?

First Agatha, and then Felix make the sign of the cross.

EXT - FARMYARD - MORNING

Out in the yard is an eight foot SNOW ANGEL in the posture of perfect, beatific love. It mimics the child's drawing on the frosty window, with a face unformed. Snow has covered all trace of its maker's footprints. A CHORUS sings triumphantly, a choir of Angels.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - STEPS OF THE FARMHOUSE - DAY

The first days of spring speak in fruit blossoms and daffodils. The Creature reads to old Martin from the Bible.

CREATURE
"And God created man in his own image, male and female he created them. And God saw every thing that he had made and behold, it was very good.

MARTIN
Astounding progress! You read like a noble scholar!

The Creature puts the Bible aside.

CONTINUED:

CREATURE
I've read every page.

MARTIN
Have you now! I'll bet you'd like some other books. Come with me.

Martin goes into the house. The Creature doesn't move.

MARTIN
Come! You be my eyes.

The Creature slowly approaches the door. He finally musters the courage and enters.

INT - FARMHOUSE - DAY

The Creature has a pile of books. He holds Milton's Paradise Lost. The Sufferings of Young Werthur and Ruins of Empires are also now his.

Martin holds a glass and the Creature pours wine for them both. The Creature gulps his down. He pours another and gulps it down. He looks around the house in awe. Something wells up in him.

CREATURE
There are things I must tell you.

MARTIN
What is it friend?

The Creature walks around as he speaks, becoming gradually more agitated as he continues.

CREATURE
I have met a family... I want to stay with them.

MARTIN
You have relatives near here?

CREATURE
No, not relatives but ... but I have worked for them.

CONTINUED:

MARTIN
Then surely they'll welcome you.

INTERCUT: EXT - FARMHOUSE

Felix and Agatha approach the farmhouse from across the field, driving the pigs home. Bertha races ahead toward the house.

RESUME: INT - FARMHOUSE

The Creature bursts with emotion, falling at Martin's feet.

CREATURE
Martin! It is this family... Felix and Agatha and little Bertha... and you! It was I who chopped your wood and dug your garden... I!

MARTIN
Why have you never told me who you are? Come near. Closer.

Martin reaches out and reads the face of the Creature with his hand, moving over the scars and deformity.

MARTIN
(profound empathy)
You are an outcast my friend, just as I am.

The Creature is shocked by this comparison.

MARTIN
Oh yes -- I was tried and imprisoned. Condemned to death. But not for any crime. I was judged so for my wealth .... and my religion -- We are all fugitives, my friend.

The Creature cries in despair on his knees before the old man.

CREATURE
Save and protect me! I will be forever grateful! Do not turn me away!

Bertha races in the door.

CONTINUED:

BERTHA
Grandfather!

Martin turns to Bertha's voice. The Creature looks to Bertha -- pleading with his eyes that this moment not be taken away from him -- that his hopes not be dashed.

MARTIN
Bertha! It's the Good Spirit of the Forest...

A SCREAM from Agatha blasts the cottage. Felix rushes into the room with an axe handle. He begins clubbing the Creature in a rage of fear.

Refusing to fight, the wretch crumples to his knees under the sharp blows.

MARTIN
Stop! He means no harm!

Martin stands to protect the Creature. He falls to the floor. Felix continues clubbing the Creature as he staggers to the doorway.

Bertha stands frozen in his path. The Creature looks directly into the girl's agonized crying eyes.

She reaches out to help him. Agatha yanks her back by the arm.

The Creature escapes.

EXT - WOODS BY THE RIVER - DAY

The Creature runs wildly through the forest, blood and tears streaming down his tortured face.

EXT - FARMYARD - SUNDOWN

The Creature warily returns to the farmhouse. Nothing stirs. The pigs are gone. The front door of the house stands open.

INT - FARMHOUSE - SUNDOWN

Empty of all life. The family has removed their belongings in haste.

The Creature's books have been left behind as has Martin's violin and bow. The Creature picks it up gently. He carefully puts the books in his satchel.

CONTINUED:

In little Bertha's corner of the house, a small drawing on the wall depicts the " Good Spirit of the Forest." The Creature pushes out the chink of mortar -- the window to "his" family.

EXT - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

FURNITURE CRASHING. Smoke and then flames pour from the windows.

The Creature emerges from the smoke with his satchel and the violin. He plays TWO MADDENING DISSONANT notes over and over as the flames illuminate the sky.

TIGHT ON THE CREATURE'S FACE:

CREATURE
(vowing to God)
What am I? I curse the hands that formed me...I curse the day I first saw light. You shall share my misery..... Frankenstein!

The flames are reflected in his tear filled eyes.

CUT TO: BLACK

EXT - FOREST - DAY

With his violin and satchel on his back, the Creature moves at a trot through the forest. His mind is broken, a terrible light in his eyes.

DOGS bark in the distance. Rabbits scurry. A doe crippled and down by a thicket, bleeds from two crossbow bolts. It waits to die. GENTLE LAUGHTER rings.

EXT - MEADOW - DAY

An elegant contingent of NOBLES enjoys a luxurious picnic in the country. A MUSICIAN plays the LUTE. A woman in layers of petticoats and powdered wig dips snuff from a jewelled box. A SERVANT carves a ham amidst an elegant spread.

The Creature breaks upon them at a dead run.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 80.

Women scream and panic erupts. The Creature grabs a VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN and kisses her clumsily. She scratches at him. kicking and screaming.

One man reaches for a crossbow and aims. The Creature strikes his hand away and crushes his throat. His first victim -- his first kill.

The party scatters into the woods. The Creature ravages food and guzzles wine with animal like abandon. He gorges meat. *A **monster.***

EXT - ALPS - DAY

The Creature strides across the frozen glaciers and scrambles up a rocky cliff. His feet are bare. Only his ragged wool cloak protects him from the cold. The small leather satchel and violin are slung over his shoulder.

At last he looks down on Lake Geneva.

He reaches into Victor's satchel and pulls out one of Elizabeth's letters.

HE'S HOME.

EXT - LAKE GENEVA - DAY

Elizabeth and Victor sail lazily on the blue waters of Lake Geneva. His head is on her lap. She strokes his forehead. She softly SINGS a verse from Blake's " Songs of Innocence".

ELIZABETH
Little lamb who made thee? Dost thou know
who made thee? Gave thee life and bid thee
feed? Little lamb who made thee?

She kisses Victor on the forehead. He smiles and cuddles up to her.

VICTOR
I feel I've awakened from a nightmare to a
beautiful, beautiful dream.

ELIZABETH
It is no dream my darling.

CONTINUED: 81.

A VIOLIN plays five strange and melancholy notes from the banks. The notes repeat faster, again and again. Victor rises up to listen. It stops.

ELIZABETH
It sounds like a child.

It starts again.

EXT - ROAD TO ESTATE - NIGHT

A rainy night. The Creature's feet splash through puddles. THUNDER rolls. He reaches an iron gate, which is open.

A carved stone pillar announces the house of Frankenstein. He fingers each letter, and says the word.

CREATURE
Frankenstein....

EXT - MANSION - CONTINUING ACTION

The Creature enters the grounds. MUSIC can be heard within. Carriages are parked outside.

Victor and Elizabeth leave the party and run through the rain to a dark gazebo.

The Creature looks on from behind a tree not six feet away. Has he found his maker?

HIS POV - VICTOR AND ELIZABETH

VICTOR
Everyone loves Elizabeth.

He kisses her passionately.

VICTOR
My more than sister.

She kisses him even more passionately. The Creature watches mesmerized.

ELIZABETH
I am not your sister, nor your cousin.

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
(teasing)
No, you were a gift from my mother. Mine to protect, love and cherish -- until death -- to be mine only.

As he speaks he's unfastens her boddice to reveal her breasts. He kisses them with reverence and passion. Opening herself to him, she pulls him down to the bench.

The Creature is transfixed -- aroused -- then confused. He is discovering his own desires -- to the soft caressing sounds of the lovers in the night.

EXT - BY THE CREEK - DAY

Willie plays with his set of toy metal soldiers. A moat separates the Swiss from the Turks. He's lost in his imaginary world, digging with his wooden sword to expand the moat.

WILLIE
Forward men! The infidels are bridging the moat!

He places a stick for the Turks to cross.

WILLIE
Grapeshot! The Turks can't bear up under it. Victor! Lead the charge!

A great shadow falls over him. He turns and stares up at the Creature. He covers his face and screams. The Creature plucks him up.

CREATURE
I will not hurt you. You come be with me!

Willie kicks and bites and punches trying to get free.

WILLIE
Let me go! If you eat me my brother will chop off your head with his saber!

CREATURE
You must come with me.

CONTINUED: 83.

WILLIE
Let me down you ugly beast! Victor Frankenstein will punish you!

The Creature stops stunned.

CREATURE
You are a Frankenstein!

A hideous smile curls across his face like a serpent -- the monster.

CREATURE
(a whisper)
My enemy.

Willie grabs his wooden sword. He jabs the Creature in the face.

WILLIE
I'll kill you!

The Creature CRIES OUT. He clutches the child by the throat. His powerful hand crushes Willie's windpipe, choking off his life. The body falls. The Creature looks down in pathological triumph.

CREATURE
I too can create misery.

RAIN FALLS and THUNDER rolls in the distance. Willie lays dead on his little field of battle surrounded by his soldiers. Sword in hand, his paper general's hat catches the first drops of rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - ESTATE - SUNDOWN

Victor carries the dead boy across the grounds in the drenching rain. Elizabeth and Alfonse run toward him.

VICTOR
Father! Elizabeth!

ALFONSE
My boy! My precious boy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 84.

ELIZABETH
Willie!

Victor falls to his knees, struck with grief.

VICTOR
He's been murdered.

Alfonse and Elizabeth kneel down beside him kissing and caressing the dead child.

The eery notes of the Creature's violin echo. Victor stands, turning toward the mountains. Something is out there.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - CREATURE'S CAVE OF ICE - LATER

The Creature sits by the fire reading aloud from " Paradise Lost" by Milton. His face is more hideous by the light of the fire.

CREATURE
... to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering;
but of this be sure...

CREATURE CONTINUES OVER:

EXT - FAMILY CEMETERY - DAY

Willie's small coffin is lowered into the ground as the family mourns. Henry and Victor are among the pallbearers on the ropes.

CREATURE (V.O.)
To do only good will never be our task, but
ever to do ill our sole delight.

Alfonse is in a wheel chair, his vitality broken and his hands shaking badly. With Elizabeth's assistance he drops Willie's wooden sword into the grave.

EXT - LAKE GENEVA - NIGHT

An electrical storm enlightens Mont Blanc across the lake. Victor watches the tempest, his flagging spirits lifted and energized by the war in the sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 85.

VICTOR
(shouting to the heavens)
There is your funeral Willie!!!

LIGHTNING strikes a great tree on a cliff above Victor. It is utterly destroyed just as in his recurrent dream.

There, silouetted behind the devastation, is the Creature.

Victor gazes at the apparation, aghast. Lightning flashes again. The Creature points to Mont Blanc and beckons Victor to follow.

Another flash of lightning and the Creature is gone.

EXT - MONT BLANC - DAWN

Beckoning.

EXT - ESTATE - DAWN

Victor lead his pack mule across the grounds toward the mountain. He carries his long rifle -- dressed for the high country. On the hunt.

Elizabeth rides up on Sultan.

ELIZABETH
I know your grief, Victor. No one could love a child more than I loved Willie. I want to help you.

VICTOR
No one can help me. I love you Elizabeth -- please go back. Alfonse needs you.

ELIZABETH
Look at me! There's something in you I prayed I'd never see again.

VICTOR
Willie was assasinated! And the murderer walks free!

Victor grabs Sultan by the bit and pulls him out of the way. Elizabeth watches him go -- back to Hell.

EXT - FOOTHILLS OF MONT BLANC - DAY

Victor ascends the mountain beside a rushing creek. The green Valley of Chamounix stretches below. Above is the desolation of avalanche and glacial movement.

EXT - THE SEA OF ICE - SUNDOWN

Victor reaches the top of a peak overlooking The Sea of Ice. He rests for a moment taking in the staggering view of the frozen chaos.

A mist rolls toward him across the glacier. He descends onto the ice.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I wandered like an evil spirit, determined to extinguish that life I had so thoughtlessly bestowed-- or die.

EXT - GLACIER SURFACE - CONTINUING ACTON

Victor navigates with difficulty through a frozen troubled sea. Forty foot high waves of ice tower over him and sink to deep frozen rifts. Anger and hatred power him onward.

Suddenly he stops, peering through the mist and across the ice.

VICTOR'S POV - THE FIGURE OF THE CREATURE

Advancing toward Victor, vaulting the tips of frozen waves with superhuman prowess.

Victor trembles with rage. With grim resolve, he unshoulders his hunting rifle and primes it.

INTERCUT: THE CREATURE CLOSES

RESUME: VICTOR

He sets his brace of pistols before him ready to fire.

INTERCUT: THE CREATURE DRAWS EVEN CLOSER

CONTINUED: 87.

RESUME: VICTOR

Finally, he draws his saber. Sticking it in the ice before him, he raises his rifle -- sights -- and waits.

INTERCUT: THE CREATURE SOUNDS

A whale from the icy mist -- in full view of Victor. He is a spectre -- hideous.

VICTOR
(utter hatred)
Devil!

Victor FIRES. The Creature eludes his aim. ICE EXPLODES with impact -- the Creature has vanished.

CREATURE (O.C.)
(echoes all around)
By your hand, Frankenstein!

Victor grabs his pistols, slowly surveying the ice.

VICTOR
Show yourself...do you only do battle with children?

The Creature appears on an ice wave behind him --

CREATURE
Your reception comes as no surprise Victor. All men hate the wretched...

Victor whirls and SHOOTS. The Creature disappears. He laughs -- mocking.

VICTOR
(unnerved)
So the fiend speaks -- as well as murders the innocent!

The Creature lands directly behind Victor.

CONTINUED: 88.

CREATURE
I am as you made me --- yet even you, my creator, detest me!

Victor slashes with his saber. The Creature eludes the blow easily, snapping his saber in two. He grabs Victor by the throat and slams him against the wall of ice.

VICTOR AND THE CREATURE -- FACE TO FACE

He forces Victor's hands on to the hideousness of his face -- an unearthly ugliness, too horrid to behold.

CREATURE
Why did you form a monster so hideous that even you turn from me in disgust?

Victor's hate explodes. He flails at the Creature in vain.

VICTOR
That child was my flesh and blood!

CREATURE
Then kill me. Do your duty!

The Creature hurls Victor sliding down a crevice.

INT - ICE CAVE - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor lands dazed in the Creature's lair. A fire burns. He is amazed to see his satchel -- letters from Elizabeth scattered -- a stack of books. The Holy Bible?! The violin.

Even Victor's own journal -- the drawings of the being he had hoped to create. The Creature enters silently behind him.

CREATURE
It was a hateful day I received life Frankenstein.

Now weaponless, Victor stands with his fists ready to fight to the death.

VICTOR
Music, books -- you have human thoughts! How could you murder a child?

CONTINUED: 89.

CREATURE
(fiendish rage)
Misery made me murder! I vowed vengeance against all mankind. Do you think the cry of the child was music to my ears?!

Victor is a tangle of emotions as he falls under the Creature's spell.

VICTOR
I gave you your life.

The Creature's psychopathic laugh echoes through the cave.

CREATURE
All my life is a dark hole. No father watched my infant days-- no mother blessed me with smiles and caresses. What was I? Was I always this?!

The Creature seethes with anger, parading in hideous glory.

CREATURE
Even Satan had companions to admire him! I am detested by all! I am alone ...
(horrid self contempt)
I am an abortion!

Victor shrinks before the rage of the pitiful Creature, ECHOING through the cave. He covers his ears and hides his head in shame.

VICTOR
(pleading)
What do you want of me?

The Creature softens, almost docile as he squats in front of his maker. Carefully, methodically he traces the outline of a woman on the ice floor-- as if afraid to utter a forbidden word.

CREATURE
A companion. A female. Deformed like me ... so she will not hate me. You alone can create her... I demand this as my right.

CONTINUED: 90.

VICTOR
Make another like you ?! -- Kill me and be done with it. I will never consent!

The Creature raises his fist but doesn't strike. He implores Victor on his knees, his voice choked with desperation.

CREATURE
I am evil because I am miserable. For the sympathy of one living being I would make peace with all.

Pleading tears now fill the Creature's eyes. He turns away in humiliation. Victor is devastated with empathy.

VICTOR
Do you truly believe you can find salvation in another like you?

CREATURE
I swear by the sun -- and the blue sky of Heaven -- and the pain in my heart-- if you grant me this wish neither you nor any other person shall ever lay eyes on us again.

Victor reaches out and touches the Creature's matted hair.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - ICE CAVE - LATER

Victor mounts his mule. The Creature appears on an icy crag above.

CREATURE
How long, Frankenstein?

VICTOR
Soon. I don't know... I need time.

CREATURE
Betray me Frankenstein, and all Europe's armies will not save those you love from these hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He opens his powerful hand. There is Willie's toy soldier. He tosses it down to a startled Victor.

TIGHT ON: VICTOR'S HAND

Like his fallen commander. Little Willie, the metal soldier's body is twisted and broken.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - ALFONSE'S SICKROOM - DAY

Alfonse sleeps, near death. Through the window, we see Victor passing below on his mule, exhausted and haggard from his ordeal.

EXT - COURTYARD - CONTINUING ACTION

He glances up at his father's window, but goes on instead. Jean Claude comes running.

JEAN CLAUDE
We were concerned for you, Monsieur Frankenstein!

VICTOR
How is Father?

JEAN CLAUDE
Ill and grieving yet, I'm sorry to say.

VICTOR
Where is Elizabeth?

JEAN CLAUDE
At the village tending to the wife of Emile Corbet -- she was beside herself with worry for you. Better we tend to another's misfortune than wallow in our own, Monsieur.

Victor pulls off his pack and enters his quarters. Jean Claude leads the mule away.

INT - VICTOR'S QUARTERS - DAY

Moving to the large tarp that covers his scientific equipment, Victor removes it with one sweep. The copper Revival vessel gleams in the light.

He stands back, his mind equally assaulted by memory and foreboding. His heart pounding, he is forced to leave the room.

He returns, wrestling with his abhorred promise to the Creature. He reaches behind a row of apothecary bottles -- fingers drawn as if by a magnet to something hidden behind all the rest ---

-- a bottle of laudanum.

EXT - LAKE - LATER

Victor idly drifts in his boat by the light of the moon.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I shuddered when I thought of my consent to his request. His mate might refuse him, and then return ten thousand times more malignant than he! Had I the right to inflict this curse upon my Elizabeth ? My family ?

He buries his head in his hands.

EXT - BACK ALLEY IN GENEVA - NIGHT

RIBALD LAUGHTER from a prostitute's crib. A drunken SOLDIER appears on the doorstep fastening his belt. The PROSTITUTE gives him a boot in the rear.

PROSTITUTE
I pity our side! Now be gone with you.

He staggers down the alley, not seeing the Creature waiting in the shadows.

INT - PROSTITUTE'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

The prostitute pulls off her dress. Naked, she sponges herself off in front of the mirror.

POV CREATURE - THE PROSTITUTE

Watching her through a crack in the shutters -- admiring the beauty of the female form unclothed. He feels the heat of lust.

INSIDE - CONTINUING ACTION

There's a KNOCK at the door.

PROSTITUTE
Go away. I'm done for the night.

The visitor KNOCKS again. Annoyed, she holds her dress up to cover herself and opens the door.

PROSTITUTE
Are you deaf?

She sees the Creature's face and tries to slam the door. He grabs her throat, choking off her scream.

EXT - FAMILY CEMETERY - NIGHT

The Creature emerges from the woods by the family cemetery with the corpse of the prostitute in his arms. He walks toward the mansion.

EXT - COURTYARD - CONTINUING ACTION

The Creature walks up to Victor's door. Pushing it open with his foot, he barges in.

EXT - COURTYARD - LATER

Victor returns from the lake. He stops short near his quarters, hearing the Creature's VOICE inside.

He carefully approaches the door. Opening it a crack, he peeks in.

INT - VICTOR'S POV - NIGHT

The prostitute's clothes have been stripped off. The Creature speaks tenderly, stroking the lines of her body as he speaks.

CREATURE
Awake fairest... your lover is near. He would give his life to obtain one look of affection!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He traces his fingers over her with curiosity and delight.

CREATURE
We will go to the frozen north. where none but we can survive. Our bed will be of the softest furs. One day you will bear me young .

He kisses her dead lips passionately. Then he mounts her.

VICTOR BURSTS IN.

The Creature looks up from the corpse with blazing eyes.

VICTOR
You're disgusting! The woman is dead.

The Creature leaps off. Victor examines her bruised throat.

VICTOR
You killed her didn't you?!

Victor steps back -- repulsed.

CREATURE
Give her life, Frankenstein. She will be my bride.

The Creature strokes his grotesque face with the dead woman's hand.

CREATURE
When can I have her? I like her...

VICTOR
Tommorow night. Now go!

Anything to get him out. The Creature towers over Victor with unconcealed menace.

CREATURE
Do not betray me. Or I will be with you on your wedding night.

The Creature crawls out the window.

INT - LAB - LATER

Victor preps the corpse. He injects her with a syringe. His hand shakes -- the syringe drops to the floor. Reviled, he closes her eyes and covers her body with a sheet.

He paces the floor -- tortured, not knowing what to do. In the distance the Creature's VIOLIN plays five notes over and over. Victor holds his hands over his ears in anguish.

EXT - FOREST - DAY

Victor shovels dirt in the shallow grave of the Creature's bride. He hurriedly covers it with brush.

Like a criminal he flees into the forest.

INT - A HUMBLE COTTAGE BY LAKE GENEVA - DAY

Elizabeth tends to an unconscious dying young woman. An old GRANDMOTHER sits by the bedside.

GRANDMOTHER
The doctor said only God can cure the fever, Ms. Lavenza.

ELIZABETH
Doctors -- they take all of the credit but none of the blame.

Elizabeth wipes the mother's fevered lips with a wet rag.

EXT - COTTAGE - DAY

Victor rides up and ties his mount beside Sultan. Children scatter as he enters the tiny yard.

INT - COTTAGE - DAY

Elizabeth struggles with a pan of hot water. She's about to spill it when two hands reach out to assist her.

ELIZABETH
Victor!

CONTINUED:

He puts the water aside. They embrace.

ELIZABETH
I was so afraid. I thought I'd never see you again.

VICTOR
Elizabeth ---

ELIZABETH
Did you find the murderer?

He puts her at arm's length and speaks most urgently.

VICTOR
We must leave here darling. We are in grave danger every moment we delay.

ELIZABETH
Have you killed someone?

VICTOR
No. Listen to me. Marry me. Today. Let's leave this place.

ELIZABETH
How can you ask me such a thing, Victor?! You frighten me! For three days I thought you might be dead!

VICTOR
Say yes. You will say yes. Only say it now! I need you desperately... I always have.

ELIZABETH
I'll give you an answer tommorow, Victor. I need to save this woman. The fever will kill her- - she miscarried.

She reaches for the pan of water and heads back to the sick room. Victor grabs the other side and follows her in.

Victor kneels down and puts his hand on the woman's fevered brow.

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
I can ease her suffering...

VICTOR
(to himself)
Better a miscarriage than a monster.

Elizabeth is taken aback. But she sees nobility in Victor as he ministers -- the Victor she loves. He soaks and wraps hot towels around the sick woman.

EXT - FOREST - MORNING

Elizabeth trots Sultan on the way back to the Estate. She slows, hearing the sound of a VIOLIN. Tethering Sultan, she enters the woods.

The Creature sits on a stump playing. He doesn't hear Elizabeth approach.

Elizabeth stands behind him some ten feet away, listening to the strange notes the Creature plays over and over. She moves closer and watches the stranger's odd but expressive movements.

ELIZABETH
Is your music always so lonely?

The Creature is startled and breaks for the trees.

ELIZABETH
I didn't mean to frighten you.

The Creature eyes Elizabeth from his hiding place.

CREATURE
Go away! I warn you!

He wants to run, but the woman's sweet voice and guilelessness have him temporarily in a trance. Neither can see the other.

ELIZABETH
You might consider improving your manners!
You remind me of a troll in a fairy tale.

CREATURE
(his first real laugh)
I'm not nearly so handsome.

CONTINUED:

She laughs with him.

ELIZABETH
Is that why you hide?

CREATURE
I've been alone a long time. But now someone comes. My bride.

ELIZABETH
I'm to be married myself. I've only just decided.

CREATURE
I hope you'll find happiness. I am afraid...I'm afraid I'll be betrayed.

ELIZABETH
You've no faith.

CREATURE
Don't talk to me of faith. I know the world .

She sees his rags through the bush.

ELIZABETH
You should make yourself handsome for her.

The Creature wants to say something, almost revealing himself to her.

CREATURE
I have nothing.

ELIZABETH
My fiance has closets full! I'll bring you a suit!

The Creature is excited.

CREATURE
Why would you do this for me?

ELIZABETH
Because you're a troll. Making a troll laugh brings a year of good luck!

CONTINUED:

She hops on Sultan and rides off through the forest.

The Creature watches her go. He's never seen her face, but her kindness brings a smile to his own.

EXT - CREEK SIDE - DAY

The Creature bathes in the creek. Beside the bank a suit and shirt hangs from a tree. The clothes are ones we have seen on Victor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - CREEK - LATER

We see the Creature's reflection in the water admiring himself. He's dressed in a suit -- too short at the sleeves and cuffs, and a linen shirt and boots. He smiles, doing a jig.

INT - ALFONSE'S SICK ROOM - DAY

Elizabeth's and Victor's hands are joined by Alfonse over his sick bed. A PRIEST stands by. Henry stands for Victor. Jean Claude will give away the bride. There is joy, but no air of celebration.

Victor is struggling to mask his intense anxiety.

ALFONSE
I confess that looking forward to this marriage has been the hope of my declining years...it was your mother's dying wish. Since you were children, you seemed entirely suited to one another. I wish you a long and delightful union and I shall look forward to your return from England.

Alfonse's blessing concluded, the priest steps up.

PRIEST
Dearly beloved we are gathered here together to join Victor Frankenstein and Elizabeth Lavenza in holy matrimony .....

PRIEST CONTINUES OVER:

CONTINUED: 100.

EXT - FOREST - DAY

The Creature hurries through the forest toward the estate, anticipating his bride. Ahead of him, a pack of WILD DOGS digs furiously. The curs run at the sight of the Creature.

PRIEST (V.O.)
... do you Victor, take Elizabeth to be your lawful wedded wife... to love and cherish till death do you part?

The Creature sees a human arm and leg exposed. Soiling his wedding clothes, he unearths the corpse of his bride to be.

EXT - MANSION - DAY

Jean Claude loads the bags. Henry helps Elizabeth into the carriage. She hugs him warmly.

ELIZABETH
I shall write you a sonnet every day, Henry.

He kisses her hand. She embraces him. There is a finality to this moment.

Victor lingers, surveying the estate for the last time. His eyes fix on magestic Mont Blanc in the distance -- the icy domain of the Creature. He reaches for a bottle of laudanum in his coat and puts it to his lips.

Henry grasps his arm and stops him.

HENRY
I know what you fear Victor... but I refused to believe it until now. Now go with your bride ... I'll be here close by Alfonse.

VICTOR
When I'm sure Elizabeth is safe, I'll be back. I must destroy the abomination.

HENRY
We'll destroy it together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
Until I return ... Steel yourself, friend. His soul is as hellish as his face.

The two men stand in silence. Victor embraces his trusted friend and heads for the carriage as Elizabeth appears.

EXT - ESTATE - DAY

The Creature walks through the middle of Elizabeth's flower garden, trampling blossoms and smashing boughs. The dead prostitute hangs limp in his arms. The Creature stops at the sound of horses.

CREATURE'S POV -- THE CARRIAGE

He sees Jean Claude speed the newlywed's carriage away from the mansion. Victor and Elizabeth are visible inside. Henry escorts the couple to the gates on horseback.

CREATURE
Dare you try to escape ?! Most evil of an evil race!

They don't see the Creature -- nor the bitter anger of betrayal on his face.

INT - ALFONSE'S ROOM - DAY

FOOTSTEPS approach Alfonse's room. Alfonse raises himself up with difficulty.

ALFONSE
Henry? Is that you? Are they safely away?

The Creature appears in the door. Their eyes meet.

ALFONSE
Holy mother of God!

CREATURE
My hopes will not die and you live!

CONTINUED: 102.

Alfonse seizes up in a stroke. The Creature yanks the old man out of the bed.

EXT - MANSION - DAY

Henry returns from the gates. The front door is wide open. Suspicious. he searches the windows for any movement.

Glass shatters above. Alfonse's body CRASHES through the upstairs window. He lands in a bloody crumpled heap at Henry's feet.

Henry draws his saber and charges into the house.

INT - MANSION - DAY

Henry rounds a corner with a mighty slash of his saber. Nothing.

His heart is hammering. He kicks open the double doors to the parlour and enters with his saber at ready. No one.

He shuts the doors behind him. revealing the Creature in the hall.

INT - PARLOUR - CONTINUING ACTION

Henry searches the huge room. Without warning ---

-- TWO HANDS crash through the parlour doors and clutch his throat.

CUT TO: BLACK

EXT - ROAD - DAY

Riding bareback with his hair flying in the wind, the Creature pursues on Henry's mount.

EXT - FERRY AT EVIAN - SUNDOWN

RAIN comes down like pitchforks. Soaked to the skin, Jean Claude comes to the carriage window.

JEAN CLAUDE
You've missed the last ferry, Monsieur Frankenstein. I'll secure the most decent lodging available up ahead at Evian

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
Damn it all, man!

He has a flash of pain in his head. Elizabeth and Jean Claude exchange worried glances.

INT - COACH - CONTINUING ACTION

ELIZABETH
It doesn't matter where we spend our wedding night, Victor. Have I lost the power to make you happy?

He collapses back into the carriage, eyes closed. Elizabeth kisses his cheek; she herself exhausted.

EXT - RESORT AT EVIAN - NIGHT

Rain is falling. A wooden chalet is nestled in the trees along the shores of the lake. Lights are here and there. Victor stations Jean Claude at the front door.

VICTOR
Don't sleep a wink. Not a wink, do you understand?

JEAN CLAUDE
Monsieur Frankenstein ... Who am I to look for? What is it I'm to guard against?

VICTOR
Catastrophe, man. Your pistol is dry?

JEAN CLAUDE
Yes Monsieur, and should it fail I've another.

Nervous, Jean Claude takes up his post. Victor moves toward the back of the cabin and the lake.

INT - CHALET BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victor sits on the bed. Elizabeth enters in her wedding night gown carrying a candle. All his fears lapse the moment he sets eyes on her.

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
You are angelic.

ELIZABETH
I've waited for this night since we were much younger than you know.... I was positively wicked in my thoughts!

Victor caresses her gently.

VICTOR
I promise you a new life when we're away from here.

She breaks into tears.

ELIZABETH
There's been so much grief and happiness mixed together... all that is behind us now-- isn't it ,Victor?

Silence. She searches his eyes for confirmation. He looks away. She begins to unbutton his shirt.

ELIZABETH
Darling if we love one another and remain true... what can harm our happiness?

Victor looks in her eyes, speaking that which he so wants to believe.

VICTOR
Nothing. You are the passion of my soul.

They kiss deeply.

EXT - CHALET - POV CREATURE - NIGHT

Lightning illuminates Victor and Elizabeth as they embrace in the window. Elizabeth moves to the bed. Victor peers into the darkness and locks the shutters.

The Creature rises in silhouette in the foreground.

EXT - CHALET - REARVIEW - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor steps out onto the porch. He secures the other windows. From the woods in front of the cabin a PISTOL REPORTS O.C.

JEAN CLAUDE
Monsieur Frankenstein! Help me!

EXT - CHALET FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor rushes out. pistols in hand. Jean Claude's SECOND PISTOL REPORTS from the trees.

EXT - TREES - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor finds him at last. Impaled on a broken branch. Dead.

VICTOR
Show yourself bastard!

He frantically searches the trees.

INT - CHALET BEDROOM - NIGHT

RAIN comes down in sheets. THUNDER rolls. The back door is kicked open by the Creature.

Elizabeth calls out from her bedroom.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Victor? What's happening?

The Creature storms into her room bent upon murder.

ELIZABETH
Victor?

The Creature and Elizabeth freeze. Confronting his eyes and death. she's strangely unafraid.

ELIZABETH
I know you. I gave you those clothes. Don't you know who I am?

He realizes she is indeed the one person who has shown kindness toward him. She speaks soothingly.

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH
Let me help you.

His will for revenge falters for a moment. She takes his hand. He calms.

VOICES O. C. Victor pounds on the door. She holds the Creature's hand tighter. He remains fast.

VICTOR (O.C.)
Elizabeth! Unlock the door!

Elizabeth sees the Creature's mouth twist into a hideous snarl. For both -- the moment of decision.

Releasing the Creature's hand, she scrambles across the bed for the door. But the Creature grabs her feet and pulls her back to him.

EXT - CHALET - NIGHT

A DREADFUL SCREAM. Aroused VILLAGERS rush up, some with torches. Victor rams the door again and again.

INT - CHALET - CONTINUING ACTION

The door bursts open in splinters. Victor runs to his bride -- now a broken doll, blood trickling from her mouth. A moan rises up slowly from deep within his soul. Victor pulls off his coat and spreads it over her.

EXT - LAKE - CONTINUING ACTION

Villagers gather at the bank shouting and pointing.

Out in the water, the Creature swims away with powerful strokes.

Victor shoves through the frenzied crowd. He sees his target and takes his aim.

The Creature submerges. Victor waits -- an eternity.

VICTOR
Surface, devil! Surface!

The Creature finally breaks the water. Victor FIRES --

Water explodes inches from the Creature's face. He sinks from view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

Monsterrrrr!

He tries to dive in, but villagers restrain him.

EXT - GATES OF MANSION - DAWN

Victor comes home. Elizabeth's shrouded body in the back of the carriage.

At the gates of the Frankenstein mansion, Henry hangs by the neck from a tree. His body is twisted and broken by the hands of the Creature.

Victor cuts his loyal friend down and lays him to rest.

INT - VICTOR'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The lamps turn in slow rhythm -- rainbows pulsate. A human body is floating in the Revival Tank.

VICTOR (V.O.)
My hideous creation had taken from me everything thing in life I truly loved.

Little by little we recognize through the porthole a naked Elizabeth floating in the broth -- her dead eyes open -- the colors illuminating her lovely skin.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Elizabeth was life itself, and he took it from her. I resolved to dedicate myself once again to my most hideous task.

Victor opens the lid. Grimacing he dumps the squirming black eels on Elizabeth's exposed body.

INT - REVIVAL VESSEL - CONTINUING ACTION

The hideous reptiles STING Elizabeth's body again and again. In fits and starts she is animated by life. A HEART is beating.

She looks out the porthole with consciousness.

Victor rapidly unhinges the tank lid and pulls her dripping body out.

INT - VICTOR'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

She GASPS and COUGHS. Victor puts her on a table under a sheet. Alive, she is delirious -- half lost in pain and dreams.

She tries to rise up.

Only a GURGLE comes from her throat. But A VOICE speaks from behind.

CREATURE
My bride.

Victor turns. He's never seen the Creature dressed in conventional clothing -- his own.

VICTOR
Get out murderer! You poison the air that she breathes!

CREATURE
You were my creator --- but I am your master. She is mine!

The Creature comes closer. Elizabeth rises up, semi-conscious.

VICTOR
Don't go near her!

The Creature walks toward Elizabeth.

CREATURE
Touch me. I will not harm you...come.

Elizabeth seems to understand as if from a sleep walk. She stands up on trembling knees, the sheet draping from her bare shoulders.

VICTOR
Beast! Away from her!

But Elizabeth responds to the Creature's entreaties. Like a child taking her first steps, she moves unsteadily toward him.

CREATURE
This is the fulfillment of my destiny.

(CONTINUED)

As their hands touch. Victor douses them both from a beaker of alcohol.

The Creature can't stop him in time. Victor hurls an oil lamp on them.

Elizabeth and the Creature burst into flames.

The Creature slams back into the Revival Vessel knocking it over. Life serum flows out igniting in the inferno.

Eels writhe in the flames.

EXT - VICTOR'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor staggers out just as the building explodes in a pillar of flames. The roof of the mansion catches fire. The flames spread quickly.

Victor Frankenstein -- the Modern Prometheus -- watches helplessly as his world is consummed by fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - LAKE GENEVA - DAWN

Victor drifts idly in his boat -- the shrouded remains of Elizabeth before him.

VICTOR (V.O.)
That happy youthful spirit who in our younger days wandered with me on the banks and talked with ecstasy of our own future prospects was no longer... here was all that remained of what little happiness there was for me on Earth.

He slips his precious Elizabeth into the waters. She sinks from view. He drifts, weeping.

EXT - ESTATE - DAWN

Victor stands before the smouldering ruins of the mansion. Desolation is everywhere.

At the far end of the grounds another figure can be seen -- the Creature, charred and scarred -- even more hideous from the flames. He and Victor's hatred for one another is palpable.

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
My misery is complete. bastard!

The Creature laughs in bitter mockery.

CREATURE
Not yet Frankenstein ! I will make the light of day your misery! We will wrestle in frozen Hell!

The Creature bounds away into the woods.

Victor pursues in vain, finally running out of breath. He collapses on the ground.

EXT - RUINS OF FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - DAY

The mansion is a black skeleton. Embers hiss -- doused in the falling rain.

Victor straps his rifles onto a heavily laden mule. He mounts Sultan and rides through the gates -- never looking back.

EXT - SEA OF ICE - DAY

Victor again traverses the Sea of Ice.

EXT - ICE CAVE - DAY

Victor approaches the Creature's cave of ice near the glacier with rifle in hand. He enters boldly.

INT - CAVE - CONTINUING ACTION

Victor finds the gnawed bones of a lamb. Books are torn to pieces. The violin is in splinters.

But near the entrance are neatly packed provisions and gold coins.

On the wall above them -- written in blood -- is the word:

" *NORTH* "

FLASH TO: THE GREAT OAK TREE IS BLASTED BY LIGHTNING

EXT - THE ARCTIC SEA - DAWN

A panorama.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I pursued his path North -- I know not how many days and months. He would leave food and messages on the trail -- taunting me, leading me on. " Follow me North! My reign is not yet over".

THE VIEW PANS TO: THE CREATURE.

Watching. Listening.

In the distance is the " Alexander Nevsky ," a wooden stick fast in a sea of unyielding ice.

INT - WALTON'S CABIN - DAY

Victor has weakened to a whisper.

VICTOR
Robert Walton -- learn from my miseries and do not seek to increase your own. You have hope and the world before you but I -- I have lost everything. Grant me my last wish.

WALTON
(overwhelmed by the tale)
I swear Frankenstein, if it be within my power.

VICTOR
When I am dead -- should you come upon the fiend ... Remember my Elizabeth, and little Willie -- Alfonse and Henry -- brave and trusted -- remember me when you thrust your sword deep in his heart.

WALTON
Rest then. Should he appear, he will die.

Victor manages a smile at Walton's words.

The cabin DOOR crashes open. Ivanovsky and Grigori enter boldly, with the rest of the crew gathered outside -- mutiny.

Walton reaches for his pistols and cocks the triggers.

IVANOVSKY
Captain,we demand one thing -- that you promise to return South to Russia if we are freed from the ice.

Walton rises, his courage renewed by his pledge to Victor.

WALTON
What do you mean? What do you demand of your Captain?

Walton backs the men out of the cabin with his pistols.

EXT - DECK - CONTINUING ACTION

Walton climbs to the quarterdeck -- pistols aimed.

GRIGORI
Captain! We are surrounded by mountains of ice! If we are lost -- you are the cause!

WALTON
Be men! This ice is not made of such stuff as your hearts!

ICE cracks. The wooden ship groans and lurches.

IVANOVSKY
You thirst for glory Captain --- but our names will never be read in the history books!

Walton is moved by that simple truth. He looks down on the faces of the men whose lives are in his charge. He lets the pistols fall to his side.

WALTON
I give you my solemn promise. If by God we survive the breaking ice -- I shall <u>not</u> ask you to go north with me unless you consent of your own free will.

CONTINUED: 113.

Cries of "Thank you " and " God bless you Captain Walton" ring out in Russian and English. Walton continues.

WALTON
Crew of the Nevsky! I ask you a solemn promise in return. This demon is no phantom -- he lives and breathes! He is a murderer of the innocent! Whatever the peril, will you stand with your captain and destroy the beast?!!!!

The crew cries a blood thirsty assent.

INT - CABIN - VICTOR'S POV

There before Victor is the Creature. He weeps in bitter sorrow for his maker. Victor reaches out to him. His hand falls limply to his side. He breathes his last.

FADE TO: BLACK

INT - CABIN - DAY

Walton returns. He stops short. The Creature's wet footprints lead to an open window port.

Victor is dead. Walton reverently closes his eyes.

EXT - ARCTIC SEA - DAY

Victor's body rests on his sled upon the ice. ICE cracks like a small explosion. grinding. Holes appear -- water is visible.

A crewman with a rope tied around his waist douses the body with whale oil. The crew pulls him back aboard the Nevsky.

EXT - BOW OF NEVSKY - DAY

Walton gives a signal. Ivanovsky heaves the torch over the side onto the pyre. Flames grow as the crew watches.

CREWMAN
Captain! Captain!

The men run aft. Their courage becomes deathly fear at the sight of the Creature's hideousness in the light.

EXT - ICE - DAY

The Creature approaches Victor's body over the breaking ice.

ON DECK:

WALTON
Arm the crew, Vladimir.

IVANOVSKY
The demon, Captain?

WALTON
Yes, the demon. Hurry, man.

ON THE ICE:

Climbing across the breaking ice in desperation, the Creature nears Victor's burning body.

Walton calls out through a brass megaphone.

WALTON
Halt!

The Creature turns up to him from the shifting ice below.

WALTON
Frankenstein is dead!

The Creature dives into the frigid water. He swims toward the burning pyre.

ON DECK - CREATURE IN VIEW

A dozen armed men line the gunwales. A firing squad. Walton FIRES, hitting the Creature in the chest.

The Creature leaps onto a huge chunk of ice. He's hit again and again. His flesh is torn and bloody.

ON THE ICE:

The Creature reaches Victor. Climbing on the floating ice he falls in the dead man's arms. Another bullet smashes into his jaw. The Creature's clothes catch fire, but he remains with his head on Frankenstein's chest.

ON DECK:

Walton winces at the sight and holds up his hand to halt the firing.

ON THE PYRE:

CREATURE
You were my father -- and my mother.

He weeps bitterly.

ON DECK:

The crew looks on in horror and pity. Some can bear the sight no longer.

ON THE PYRE:

Flames grow higher.

CREATURE
Your misery was great -- but mine was greater still. Now I am alone.

Suddenly there's an ocean swell. ICE CRACKS with the sound and force of an earthquake.

The sea opens in a cold and purple gulf between the Living and the Dead. Victor and the Creature disappear into the icy fog.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - OPEN SEA - DAY

The Nevsky sails south at full sail. The ice retreats in the distance. SEA BIRDS call -- there is life here.

EXT - DECK OF NEVSKY - DAY

Ivanovsky and Walton stand on the deck in the sun and the wind. Walton sheds his fur -- the air is warming.

IVANOVSKY
We could go no further this year Captain.

CONTINUED:

WALTON
So it will always be.when God's will and men's dreams are disunited --

A warm wind blows through Walton's hair. His face is radiant in the sun.

WALTON
We'll try again next year.

SCRIABIN'S MUSIC come to its dramatic close.

Fade Out